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POEMS, &c.

BY

G. K. MATTHEWS.



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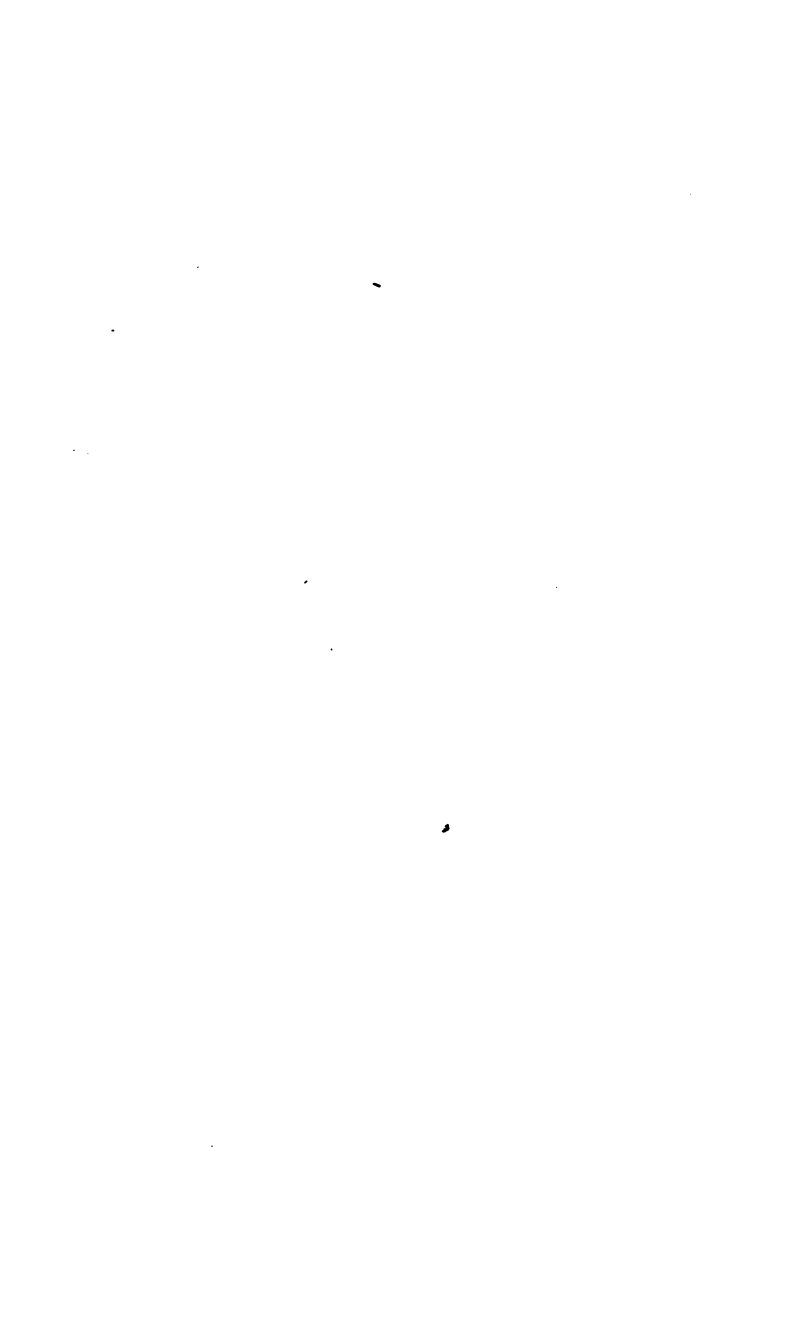
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POEMS:

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

BELMOUR HOUSE.

A PLAY, NOT DIVIDED INTO ACTS.

BY

G. K. MATTHEWS.



A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit as its author writ;
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind.
POPE on Criticism.

LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.

1842.

557.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

Printed by John Stephens, Warwick-lane.

PREFACE.

THE appearance of a new work amidst the teeming publications of the day, and that, too, a volume of Poems, with which the literary world is already inundated, *ad usque nauseum*, demands a word of explanation and apology.

The pretensions of this little volume are of a very humble kind. Most of the Poems and Fragmentary Pieces were written by the Author between the ages of twelve and twenty; a considerable portion of them being composed when he was a pupil at Galashiels Academy, N. B.; where, to use Lord Byron's words, he "roved a young Highlander" among the yellow broom, the whins, and heather, on the banks and braes and blue hills of bonny Scotland. Nor can the Author here deny himself the pleasure of recording the fact, that, whilst an inmate of that school (situate but a short distance from Sir Walter Scott's residence) he was honoured by many a shake of the hand, and many an encouraging pat on the head from the Bard of Abbotsford, who usually greeted him by the cognomen of "the little Englishman," probably from his being the only English scholar in the school at that time.

The Author deems it unnecessary to enumerate the various little incidents and occurrences which gave rise to most of the pieces which compose the following pages. Some, it will be perceived, are founded on fact, others in fiction, and others partake of both. Some were penned at the instigation of private friendship—others for the

periodical press—whilst many owe their origin to the aspirations of the Author's own heart when it first awoke to love, and his pulse beat high with the hopes of youth. Since then the boy has become a man, and the severe duties and mechanical occupations of life have obliged him to abandon the flowery paths of Parnassus for those less friendly to the muses ; but, to gratify what, in his case, may be deemed a pardonable vanity, and in compliance with the repeated solicitations of his friends, he has determined to gather together his juvenile rhymes, and i' faith to print them in a collected form, with all their imperfections on their heads. In doing so he is aware that he cannot shield himself from the shafts of criticism. He aspires not, however, to public fame. It is his first, and will be his last, appearance in the character of an Author ; and whether his muse shall raise a smile or draw down upon him the frown of the reader, he does not intend to break silence to acknowledge the one or to resent the other.

One word touching the Play, which forms a sort of Appendix to the volume. It is the only piece of the kind the Author ever attempted ; and though, perhaps, by some it may be considered out of place, he has ventured, to publish it for the reason already assigned.

G. K. M.

London, April 4, 1842.

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WILLIE AND JEAN.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds, too late, that men betray;
What charms can soothe her melancholy—
What art can wash her guilt away?

Goldsmith.

Welcome, Willie, o'er the hill,
To meet thy lassie by the mill;
Whistling o'er some home-spun tune,
In hope thy bonny Jean will soon
As blithely join thee by the way,
As thou art wont from day to day.
While Willie gave his cap a turn,
With love his gladsome heart would burn;
His face light up to merry cheer,
Thinking his Jean's soft step was near.
With zephyr joining in the chorus,
Merrily scudding on before us:
E'en then arrested by the stream,
Pondering, he heard a female scream.
"That voice!" cried he, "what can it mean?
Distress o'ertaken thee, my Jean?"
Quick to the spot our hero hied,
As quick repell'd: when thus replied
A man (nay, but the form of man),
That ca's the land his ain ye ken,
Assured by wealth, as miles around
Could claim his lairdly bit o' ground.
"What is't ye want? How cam' ye there?
Just hand yer gait man out o' here."

In vain to reach the spot he tried,
And stand protector by her side.
'Mid contest strong, like to a dream,
He whelmed the stranger in the stream,
Then hurried to his lovely Jean.
In dire amazement at the scene,
Their hearts yersell can best conceive,
As Willie, threatening, clench'd his *niece*
And swore he'd still the callant yerk,
If e'n 'twere ganging to the Kirk.
If he could but the laddie meet—
“But Jeanie, lass, come dinna *greet*,
I ken fu' well yer' no' to blame.”
“Twar Donald, Willie, to his shame,
That led me here, wi' a' his wiles,
Deceitfu' tales, and flattering smiles;
And then to——” “I maun say, Jean,
I little thought o' sic a scene.
But wha can ere that laddie be
That dare take sic a liberty?
Do ye ken him, Jean?” “Fu' weel,—
The laird's ain son, up by the mill,
Donald McDougal Grey's his name,
This action ought to be his shame.”
“The laird's son, Jeanie!—can that be,
That he hae stoop'd to sic as thee?
That ken'd fu' weel yer wee bit cot,
Your humble station, and what not;
That he should tell ye winsome tales,
Sae canny help ye o'er the pales:
That he should say ye'd be his bride,
A thousand other things beside;
And you the whole in truth withstood,
And gaed wi' him to yonder wood.
Because he said twar his plantation,
Did ye then dream o' a better station?
Deceitfu' every race and nation.”
“But, Willie, ye'll no' tell my father,

Nor my mother." "No, I'd rather
Suffer mysell for to be steekit
Into yonder bramble thicket.
Ye mauna think I'm gaun to rout it.
My heart's too sair to speak about it."
Safe, then, did Willie to the door,
See his faithful Jean once more.
Still faithful, though thus led astray,
By the curs'd wiles of McDougal Grey.
But yet, alas! the parting sigh,
Convulsed by nature, struggled high.
Such were the feelings of the boy—
Feelings she sought not to destroy;
And when such feelings wound the heart,
'Tis difficult to heal the part.
Poor Willie sigh'd, and watch'd each minute,
And thought each hour a week was in it.
So roll'd the restless night along,
Without a tune, without a song.
How changeful, when not late before,
We heard him whistling 'cross the moor!
His Jean, so happy, did await
His step, unconscious of her fate;
But, haply, 'twas ordain'd that he,—
Protector of her purity,—
Should hasten forward to the scene,
To guard his all,—his hopeful Jean.
Unhappy girl! to undergo
Such troubles as may lay thee low;
And after-thoughts that may impart
A poison to thy guileless heart:
When conscious Willie would repair
O'er hill and dale to meet thee there;
And greet thee in that artless way,
Your heart to him could not say nay;
And yet you listen to the wiles,
The damn'd, deceitful, foppish smiles,
Of man's base heart, as black as hell,

Stooping some pleasing tale to tell,
To you appears so faithful, kind :
Alas, ere long, too true you'll find
That man, deceiver of your race,
Must not be ta'en by purse or face !
Despair had seized poor Jeanie's brow,
She couldna' lull to sleep no how ;
Puir body ! and such thoughts they ran
That Donald was a wicked man ;
Willie should be her only joy,
His peace she'd ne'er again destroy,
If (and his was no relentless heart)
Forgiveness he'd this once impart.
Whilst musing on the direful theme,
She dozed into a transient dream ;
Donald, meanwhile, had skulk'd away,
In shame retreating from his prey.
The night wrapp'd o'er, the day wound round,
When Jean's and Willie's hearts they found
To each indissolubly bound—
The past forgot, the future crown'd
With hope, as it before had been,
For Willie and his affianced Jean.
To escort her safely to the door,
Again trudged Willie 'cross the moor.
A pleasure this to lovers sweet,
In nature's solitude to meet,
And, as they wend their lonesome way,
Telling the joys and sorrows of the day,
To taste earth's purest, highest bliss,
By interchange of soul like this.
So 'twas with Willie and his Jean,
Whilst sauntering thro' copse or lane,
Oneness of feeling sway'd each heart,
And loath they were that night to part ;
And more secure they each did seem,
In pure affections happy dream.
Blithsome o'er the meadows gay.

They might be seen from day to day;
For ilka eve did Willie gang
To hand his lovely Jean alang
Wi' mony a winsome tale, and sang.
Old Father Time had sped his way,
Yet still, the couple were as gay
As when upon their native heather
They first had strangely met together.
They to their parents now made known,
The passion each had th' other shown;
Tracing its rise with artless truth,
From simple, unsuspecting youth:
And foster'd by no base alloy
Which might their future peace destroy.
A passion pure it was they vow'd,
Of which the angels might be proud.
This done, on bended knee they craved
Their blessing on the choice they'd made:
Their love and duty met a quick response,
"Go, marry, if ye will, at once,"
The good old folk to them replied,
"No happiness to you shall be denied."
Their hearts so promptly set at ease,
They had themselves alone to please;
In truth, they did not long debate
What should be their future state;
O'erjoy'd, they instantly arose,
Bedeck'd themselves in bridal clothes,
Resolved at once to go to church,
Lest chance should leave them in the lurch.
The pair who thus their loves had plighted,
At Hymen's altar were united;
The village lads and lasses gay,
Rejoicing at the jocund day.
Behold the happy rustic twain
Returning from the church again;
In comely modesty array'd,
To live the vows that each had made;

And in each other's breasts to find
Joys often sought for by mankind
In giddy pleasure's frantic maze,
Or passion's soul-destroying ways.
O! could but every eye now see
Jeanie and her faithful Willie,
Adorn'd in all the rustic grace
Of pure unsullied innocence,
There'd be no lack of happy pairs
Following examples such as theirs :
For half the luckless people round,
Would fain retrace their former ground,
And live a life of virtuous love,
All earthly pleasures far above.
O Woman! thou art the light of love,
A heaven-born brightness from above ;
Shed on man's solitary path to bless
His lonely heart! Thy loveliness,
Radiant as is the morning fair,
When roseate flow'rets blossom there.
Thy voice is music to the ear,
Whose lightest note the heart doth cheer ;
Thy smile a beam, so soft, so bright,
It spreads sweet peace o'er sorrow's night.
To you, then, whether young or old,
Let this tale of love unfold
A lesson, which, imprinted on your heart,
Shall ne'er from memory depart.
Heed not the smiles of artful man,
Thy footsteps striving to trepan.
In virtue's path thy safety lies ;
Happiness from every other flies.
To true love's joys alone aspire,
Enkindled by celestial fire.
This flame will burn without alloy,
Which many waters can't destroy ;
Whilst passion's flame will soon expire,
Extinguish'd by Jehovah's ire!

DAISYMEAD FARM.

Oh my Nora Creina dear !
 My gentle, bashful, Nora Creina !
 Beauty lies in many eyes,
 But love in yours, my Nora Creina !

T. Moore.

I pray you, good people, just listen awhile
 To a story at which perchance you may smile ;
 Be that as it may, do not take the alarm,
 While I tell you the doings at Daisymead Farm.

Sweet Daisymead Farm, where the buttercups grow,
 Which stands in yon valley some distance below :
 Thither, from Paddy's own land, each season will go,
 The " boys " to persuade you the young grass to mow.

'Twas there Paddy Leary met Miss Nora Healy,
 Whose smile, so bewitchingly simple,
 Laid seige to his heart with Cupid's own dart :
 Oh ! he sigh'd as he gazed on each dimple.

Each day then found Leary leer Nora apart,
 Miss Healy, too, healing the blister :
 Thus love having pierced a big hole in his heart,
 He proffer'd his hand before he had kiss'd her.

She was fair as a Venus (stay, reader, between us,
 I have never seen Venus, have you ?)
 So enraptured was Leary, he call'd her his dearie,
 And none but sweet Nora would do.

At night and at morn the light of his soul ;
She entranced poor O'Leary in bliss :
Her eyes, it is true, were like Killkenny's coal ;
But her nose he much wanted to kiss.

When out in the meadows with others hay-making,
Together the twain would be found ;
And what with hay-making, love-making, and raking,
He raked a big hole in the ground.

Nora's charms quite resistless, he gave her a smack,
Stepping hastily out of the rank :
When one Dennis roars " Paddy, I'll fetch you a crack ;"
Then he raked him right over the flank.

'Twas now Dennis felt black jealousy's twitches,
To see O'Leary such liberties taking ;
But O'Leary genteelly seized Dennis's breeches,
And gave him a jolly good shaking.

Dennis clench'd his shillelagh, when " Be aisy," says Pat,
" Bad luck to me, Dennis, you'll rue it ;"
" You rible, you spalpeen, what would you be at,
I'll show no *garran bane*, come and do it."

The rakes in the air were then flourish'd about
So swiftly, there was from them no screening.
" Och, murther !" roars Dennis, " I'll put all to the rout ;"
Says Paddy, " Och, sure and he's dreaming."

On Dennis Pat's comrades vouchsafed not to look,
But applauded our hero so gay ;
And Nora, by fate, or by hook, or by crook,
Was placed on the top of the hay.

There sat Miss Healy, perch'd on the load,
Little thinking of Dennis M'Gree ;
Their shouts were swift echo'd along the high-road,
And the Queen of the harvest was she.

Hurrah for the harvest, so rich and so merry,
With Paddy's sweet pipe in full tune :
The horses were dancing to a sort of "Down Derry"—
May-day in the middle of June !

Full of mirth at the lark, the dogs even bark'd,
And Miss Pussy too bristled her back ;
While the children at play loudly join'd the hurrah,
The Irish they sang "Paddy Whack."

Overjoy'd with delight, 'twas a glorious sight,
When they saw them the cloth spreading round ;
Argus eyes on the pies, all sparkling and bright,
As a glowworm when purling the ground.

You may laugh at the table—as well as I'm able,
I'll describe it in rhyme ere further I go ;
Down came the barn-door, which was raised from the floor,
O'erlaid with a sheet the whiteness of snow.

When the signal was given, my stars, how they run,
Their lips most unmercifully smacking ;
Whilst the young urchins called it a rare bit of fun,
Their nuts and their jokes the while cracking.

Roast beef and plum-pudding, in abundance were there,
Each face seem'd to me well contented ;
Such a scene, rude and festive, to nought can compare,—
But, believe me, my tale's not invented.

"Mr. President, Sir," with his beer-blossom face,
Knew well how to sing a good song ;
And, the supper being over, wound up by a grace,
Without it they were not kept long.

What with Dublin's famed stout, and a wee drop o' whisky,
The Irish right merry became ;
Indeed, like young colts, they grew rather frisky,
And like them *not* easy to tame.

Whilst deep in their cups, and 'high in their glee,
No lack of song, nor of drink any dearth,
"Arrah, by the powers, who's that coming I see,"
Cried Paddy, "to add to our mirth?"

"'Tis the master, my lads, I'll swear, it is he,"
Bellow'd Pat, as he enter'd the place;

"To join our hurrahing, our fun, and our glee,
He thinks it in truth no disgrace."

He took up his pipe like an honest John Bull,
(For bashful he never had been),
"Here's to you, my lads," and he fill'd to the full,
Such a bumper as never was seen.

The chairman (the gent whom I spoke of before,
And whose looks might the ladies decoy),
Having adjusted his stock, and gazed on the floor,
Sang the song of the "Farmer's Boy."

That done, he made bold on the master to call.
Answer'd he, "Well, I'll sing Mrs. Fogg;
By then I get through it, if I think of it all,
'Twill be about time I should jog."

At this early hour he quitted the party,
Their mirth as yet scarcely begun;
But as evening advanced they grew free and hearty,
Each trying to make the most fun.

First, they'd a song, then a jig, then a reel,
"Whock my darlint, why don't you be aisy?"
A modern Leander then O'Leary must feel,
As again his love 'most drove him crazy.

Pat being from Ulster and Dennis from Munster,
'Tis well known they never agree;
Whenever they meet, Sir, they make every one stir,
This oft I have seen in true glee.

In the midst of their glancing, and joking, and dancing,
A big noise was heard round about,
When Dennis roared "Phillilu," in they went prancing,
And put their gay mirth to the rout.

Dennis seized the fair Nora in the thick of the riot,
Then pack'd her complete in a barrow ;
"Be aisy, you spalpeen, my jewel sit quiet,
Don't you see that the path it is narrow ?"

In resisting the favour clean over she went
Into a pond which lay by the road ;
When Paddy came up, he was after her sent,
Just as if he had been a stray toad.

Master Paddy O'Leary, intrepid was he,
Top o' mud he knew well he could float ;
His skill in the water (not like fish in the sea),
He thought it was best in a boat.

He then from the barrow caught Nora's fair arm,
But she being not any too lean,
It lurch'd, then upset, causing no small alarm,
For neither Jewel nor Pat could be seen.

There was tearing and fighting, and fighting and tearing,
(From the window the whole we could see) ;
The women were screaming, the Irish were streaming,
Till the pond look'd just like the Red Sea.

When the wind is called high, 'tis adown from the sky,
Sweeping off' housetops appalling,
E'en the ladies, forsooth ! find it mighty uncouth,
Bekase, don't you hear them a-squalling ?

The moon in the sky, had risen quite high,
And of bright stars we saw not a few ;
Shining full on the water, o'er this brotherly slaughter,
To drown with one wheelbarrow two !

It was cut away, phillilu, hulliloo, hubbaboo,
And a lot more we could not make out;
But it show'd in real colours their hulliloo, philliloo,
When a gun-shot put all to the rout.

The spalpeens then scrambled quick out of the pond,
O'er the path, too, although it was narrow;
By my honour you'd thought that old Harry beyond,
Was chasing them all with the barrow.

When this riot was over they all met in clover,
And Paddy found Nora, and Nora found Pat;
Then to wind up the day, put his bagpipes in play,
And by moonlight they finish'd their jig on the plat.

Pat blew his pipe neatly, and play'd it, too, sweetly,
The breeze and the trees on the lawn were in glee;
Air, ocean, and strand, then became fairyland,
Ee'n the pigs in the sty crying "whee."

And the cows and the calf they set up a laugh,
Who before had been dreading the slaughter;
And without more ado, or stocking, or shoe,
The wheelbarrow danced on the water!

Their eyes were like pearls, both the boys and the girls,
And the haystacks could scarcely keep easy;
E'en the stones on the ground, at hearing the sound,
Jump'd about, too, as if they were crazy.

Good night, my brave boys, so uproarously merry,
With nought your gay sports to alarm;
If reader, you wish to join the "Down Derry,"
I invite you to Daisymead Farm.

EDWIN AND JESSEY.

As on she moves with hesitating grace,
 She wins assurance from his soothing voice;
S. Rogers.

Young Edwin was a shepherd-boy,
 I ever shall remember ;
 He left his flock and went away,
 One evening in November.

He bent his course adown the hill,
 Towards his master's dwelling ;
 But why he thither wander'd then,
 No person could be telling.

Quite dark it grew ere Edwin reach'd,
 His master's habitation ;
 And when he did he entered not,
 But took a secret station.

Ensconsed behind an angle, there
 He eyed the outer door ;
 And, like a sentinel, remain'd,
 Watching each household goer.

A stranger to that rural spot,
 To have seen him, would have thought
 That Edwin must a thief have been,
 Whom love of gold had brought.

Ah, no ! no robber's breast had he,
 His booty was not pelf ;
 He sought the object of his love,
 Dearer to him than self.

The shepherd did not stand there long,
Before a female form was seen ;
Guess, reader, who the house-door ope'd,
Who ? but his Jessie Dean.

A lantern in her hand she held ;
And, as she tripp'd along,
She heard a softly uttered " hem,"
To which she answer'd with a song.

"T'was but to let him know that she
Was conscious he was there ;
She then withdrew into the house,
Of the danger well aware.

Patiently the shepherd stood,
The moment to await,
That she might safely venture forth,
Unto the outer gate.

Ere long again she did appear,
Yet durst not to him speak ;
But Edwin's pleased eye could see,
The blush upon her cheek.

And that she lack'd the easy grace,
With which a woman moves,
When she is sensible his eye
Is on her, whom she loves.

Jess re-entering then the house,
The scene was dark again ;
But Edwin at his post remain'd,
Tho' long he watch'd in vain.

At length, with watching faint, he fell
Into a deep reverie ;
How blest then thinking of the form
With whom he'd happy be.

The shepherd started and beheld,
His dearie by his side ;
And soon enfolded in his arms was she,
His love, his only pride.

Imprinting on her lips a kiss,
" Ah Jessie, Jessie dear,"
He sigh'd ; then o'er her threw his plaid,
And wiped away a tear.

How came you Jess so quietly,
I never heard you near ;
Like to some bright, angelic form,
Before mine eyes you appear.

But, whence or how you hither came,
I care not to divine ;
Sufficient 'tis to know you're here,
And that, my love, you're mine.

Said she, " I stole another way,
For I am watch'd by all ;
This signal will not do again,
Lest they should hear you call."

My father on the people round,
E'er since you sought my hand,
To watch our movements narrowly,
Has laid his strict command.

" The men-folk are the worst of all."
She added, with a sigh ;
" Envious wretches," burst from his lips,
" Their sex thus to belie."

" Hush ! for Heaven's sake," she cried,
" Eaves' droppers may be nigh ;
And they'll o'erhear our conference,
Our movements, too, espy."

“And if they should be, what care I?
Like mischievous, list’ning elves;
Of whom I’ve often heard and read,
They’ll hear na’ good o’ themselves.”

Thus angrily the lover spoke,
Then softening his tone;
“We needna’ waste our time,” said he,
“To think on them alone.”

“Oh Jessie, dear, it will be sad,
If we should now be sunder’d;
Of every earthly hope deprived,
Of happiness be plunder’d.”

“A few weeks more and then I enter,
My service on the hill;
A paradise to me t’would prove,
If you a part could fill.

And then he clasp’d his love, and sigh’d,
“All’s ready, Jess, but you;”
Then in his arms she fell, and breathed,
“Edwin, I’m ready too.”

“Dear girl,” he uttered, as he pressed
His soul, his love, his life;
“Edwin,” said she, “no house but yours
I’ll enter as a wife.”

Greatly consol’d was Edwin’s heart,
By this plighting of her love;
Tho’ from their union it did not,
All obstacles remove.

To wed Jessie to another,
Her parents were intent;
And would not to the shepherd give
Their generous consent.

He begg'd her then to leave her home,
To which she did agree ;
To fly with him to Eildon-hill,
Where she should happy be.

Promising they would meet again
Upon another night,
They parted, and homeward Edwin went,
Sped on by love's delight.

But mark the chequer'd course of love,
Which smoothly runneth never ;
How oft are fondest hearts betray'd,
Which nought on earth could sever.

So 'twas with Edwin and his lass,
I' the midst of love's hey-day ;
Before the appointed night arrived,
Poor Jess was ta'en away.

Too soon the shepherd show'd the change ;
Her absence preyed upon his mind ;
And ere a month had roll'd away,
His health and strength declined.

Night after night he watch'd around
Her father's cottage door ;—
To get a glimpse of her he loved,
In vain he cross'd the moor.

The term-day came, and Edwin was
Constrain'd to quit his place ;
Thence, dispirited, from Eildon-hill,
He went with lingering pace.

Poor Jessie's father had mista'en
The strength of Edwin's love ;
He little thought they were so fond,
As they themselves did prove.

On taking charge of his new flock,
He enter'd his little cot ;
There, in solitude, to brood
Upon his lonely lot.

Deep sorrow on his brow was mark'd,
And sad his heart did grow ;
The cause of his despondency,
The 'Squire wish'd to know.

The story of his love he told,
With simple, artless truth ;
His countenance the while bespoke,
The innocence of youth.

The 'Squire's pity now was moved,
Towards the luckless swain ;
And he promised him a holiday,
To see his Jess again.

Young Edwin having now obtain'd
His master's free consent
To see his dear once more, next day
Thither his footsteps bent.

He travell'd on at a rapid rate,
For well the road he knew ;
But saw not Jess, though he look'd around,
Then back to his herd withdrew.

More fortunate another night,
He mark'd, beyond a doubt,
The lowly chamber where she slept,
Then gazed him round about.

And finding all was quiet, he
Against the casement threw
A little sand which Jessie heard,
And up the window flew.

Then much unto the shepherd's joy,
The lovely girl appears ;
With outstretch'd arms he speechless stood,
And scarce refrain'd from tears.

She then withdrew, and Edwin's heart
Beat high 'twixt hope and fear ;
"She's coming down, but how?" thought he,
Just then she did appear.

Of by-gone promises they thought,
Which willing to perform ;
They sallied forth to'ards Eildon-hill,
With hearts quite fresh and warm.

'Twas midnight when the lovers fled,
In anxious suspense ;
Fearing too soon her sire would find
He'd borne his daughter hence.

The evening after they arrived,
They greatly startled were ;
For Jessie's brother entered in,
And thus addressed the fair :

Assured, my girl, your father was,
With Edwin you had fled ;
But still he bade me come to say,
You've his consent to wed.

At this they both enraptured were,
And ofttimes bless'd the sire,
Who, from his erring child, had put
His justly kindled ire.

The brother's welcome mission ended,
He announced his quick return ;
But wished, if they'd any message back,
They'd join him to the burn.

Upon the road they all set out,
But scarce had walk'd a mile;
Before, alas ! the lovers found,
'Twas but them to beguile.

The brother's treachery at once appear'd,
A band in ambush lay;
Who, on a signal which he gave,
Poor Jessie bore away.

O'erpower'd she neither shriek'd nor spoke,
But Edwin rent the air;
And as they bore the girl away,
She look'd in wild despair.

He would have struggled to the death,
His loved Jessie to regain;
But, 'gainst such numbers as were there,
He saw the attempt were vain.

A better thought he hit upon,
Then home again he bounded;
And with the tidings of his loss,
The neighbourhood resounded.

Indignant were his village friends,
At what was noised about;
"We'll to the rescue of your bride,"
They one and all cried out.

"What though we mount not fiery steeds,
And lack a coat of mail;
Our limbs you'll find with courage nerved,
Shall scour both hill and dale.

And like knights-errant bold and brave,
Who met in tilted field;
Thy stolen prize we'll carry off,
Or die before we yield."

"You will ! you will ! my lads," said he,
With chivalrous delight ;
Then off at once we'll speed our way,
And bring her back this night.

The shepherd bounded like a roe,
When soon he overtook
The villains who his bride had stole,
Encamp'd beside a brook.

Then rushing in among the band,
He bore his love away ;
He then before her placed himself,
And kept them all at bay.

When all his party gather'd round,
They very wisely cried,
"Permit the girl herself to choose,
All others stand aside."

"Agreed ! agreed !" then all withdrew,
Still gazing on her charms ;
While she the next instant found herself
Enwapp'd in Edwin's arms.

His comrades up their bonnets flang,
And gave a hearty shout,
In token of the victory
Their skill had brought about.

At length their parents gave consent,
That they might wed each other ;
And many a passing year has seen
Them happily together.

BLOWFLY'S EXECUTION.

"An unco mournfu' tale."—*Burns*.

"In this country the common house-flies (*Musca domestica*), towards the close of the summer and the commencement of the autumnal months often become a great nuisance, both from their numbers and the pertinacious curiosity with which every individual of the race seems resolved, for its own satisfaction, to taste, see, and touch every object around it, even perching upon and exploring the "human face divine," as if in mockery of our boasted supremacy, and to humble us by the conviction that the equanimity of the philosopher as well as the comfort of the suffering invalid is often at the mercy of a fly."—*Spence's Observations on the Italian House Fly*.

One day a blowfly whilst passing by
A window, through it archly cast his eye.
"In there," said he, "I must have a try."
So in he went,
Look'd around to see what he could spy,
On mischief bent.

Tiney the Cat, who on the hearthrug slept,
(At catching flies he'd lately grown adept)
Upon the buzzing stranger quickly leapt,
And laid him low.
Then back to his fireside quarters crept,
Slily and slow.

This fly despatch'd, in flew another ;
I would not swear 'twas not his brother.
Boldness he had as much as t'other.
Tiney, longing for a limb,
Uprais'd his paw without a bother,
With intent to kill him.

But Fly was not so easy caught
As master Tiney no doubt thought.
Still, round the room he ceaseless sought
To pounce upon his prey.
At length they met—a battle fought—
When Fly, he won the day.

Tiney now got into a tow'ring passion,
Not liking to be beaten i' that fashion,
Threatening to lay a *cat-o'-nine-tails'* lash on
The victorious fly.
Tine on the instant made a desperate dash on,
Vowing he should die.

But Tiney's hopes again were shaken;
Meanwhile Blowfly, to save his bacon,
In a neighbouring room had refuge taken.
Tiney now left forlorn,—
Finding himself both beaten and forsaken,—
Was fill'd with grief and scorn.

When all was hush'd, I heard Fly say,
“'Tis said, ‘He who fights and runs away,
Perchance may live to fight another day;’
Once more my luck I'll try,
Again my skill I'll e'en essay,
If press'd—I can but *fly*.”

Arm'd with courage back he came,
But seeing Tiney eating game,
He thought he might just do the same;
So, buzzing, settled on it.
Tine wink'd his eye, and taking aim,
Just grazed his bonnet.

Their prisoner's miseries to prolong,
'Twixt John and Tine, a trial was agreed on.
In vain against this cruel wrong,
 Blowfly appeal'd.
Their mirth convinced him all along,
 His fate was seal'd.

Their business they'd a novel way
Of doing, no doubt you'll say ;
Poor Fly they gave no time to pray,
 Not that I heard.
The trial now I will display,
 As it occur'd.

"Blowfly," says John, "you are a sinner,
For lighting here to seek a dinner;
But now you'll find you are no winner."
 The same I thought—
"Your race we're making somewhat thinner,"
 These words I caught.

Tiney now added in a trice,
"All the race of flies and mice,
I give you this as my advice—
 Touch but your own.
Thieves too often pay a costly price,
 Their crimes t' atone."

Then Mr. Fly, in his defence,
Express'd of course his innocence ;
Says Tine, "that shows a want of sense"—
 Reproval coolish—
"But you shall have a recompense—
 For being foolish."

Thus spake our sage ; and then, says he,
 " Were we to give you liberty"—
 Fly interrupted, " No more you'd see
 Your pris'ner in this place."
 " How then, if learned men agree
 T' exterminate the race ?

'Tis thus the law dictates to me,
 For such transgressions,—as to thee
 I dare not grant thee liberty,
 Therefore be quiet."
 Says Fly, " with counsel you'll favour me,
 Or I'll breed a riot."

To this our sage could not comply,
 But thus address'd him,—“ Mr. Fly,
 Our sentence is that you must die ;
 Make up your mind.”
 The prisoner faintly utter'd, in reply,
 “ You're very kind.”

Then when the gallows was brought out,
 Tine wagg'd his tail and made a rout,
 And as John put the rope about,
 Fly gave a groan or two.
 Of this world, thought I, you'll soon be out,
 And Blowfly thought so too.

Poor fly ! I heard him give a wail,
 Could see, too, he was turning pale ;
 Impatient, Tine began to rail—
 But Johnny only smiled—
 Then up sprang Tine, Blowfly to assail ;
 For he was getting wild.

Tine's patience, it cannot be denied,
Was all the while severely tried—
For, as he paced from side to side,
 He kept very quiet;
Though every now and then he eyed,
 This delicious diet.

No one his pity was bestowing
On poor Fly, whose moments shorter growing,
Was into eternity fast going,—
 Now he kicks the bucket!—
I heard it give a squeal when going,
 As though you'd stuck it.

Then with a knife John cut him down,
And look'd at Tiney with a frown;
As if to say, "Now you keep down
 For a little time."
But Tiney's answer I can't set down,
 No, not in rhyme.

Tho' many of his race were near
Not one amongst them shed a tear
Upon this luckless Blowfly's bier;
 Nay, o'er his corse,
They did but loudly laugh and jeer,
 Till they were hoarse.

Reader! simple tho' these lines may be,
In them a moral may be read;
"Honesty is the best policy;"
Then Blowfly's end we need not dread.

WILLIAM AND LUCY.

"Twas but a moment, and yet in that time,
She crowded the impressions of many an hour;
Her eyes had a glow like the Sun of her clime,
Which waked every feeling at once into flower."

T. Moore.

"Come, Lucy, dear, I'm going now,
To Darncleugh for the pay
Of that load of hay and barley, which
I sold the other day."

Your eggs and butter I can take,
"Twill save you, girl, a walk :
So get them ready, quick, my child,
While I to Dapple talk."

Then down he took the saddle, and
Into the stable went,
And saddled Dapple in a trice,
Then on the gate he leant.

"Come, come, my child," her father said,
"I'm waiting for your load.
The basket quickly hand me now
That I may take the road."

It was a dreary winter's day,
And as he jogg'd along,
He gave old Dapple's side a kick,
He never used a thong.

And Lucy watch'd him out of sight,
E'en to the village burn ;
Then straight into the dairy went,
Preparing for the churn.

While Kate, her little dairymaid,
The eggs collected, round
The various places where she thought
They were likely to be found.

Quite suddenly the girl ran back,
All breathless to be heard;
But passion choked her as she tried
To tell what had occurred.

"As I was coming from the loft,"
At length she stammering said,
"I heard the cackling of a hen
In token she had laid.

On going back to fetch the egg,
I encounter'd Mister Ben,
Who sprang upon me like a bear
Emerging from its den.

He gave me *such* a thump, and said,
He'd owed me that a week;
Because as how I sneer'd at him,
And slapp'd him on the cheek."

And after this, these two became
Sad friends one with the other;
So girls and boys a lesson take,
Sneer not at one another.

Young Ben was living in the house,
With Kate the Dairymaid,
He was a saucy kind of chap,
And she a little jade.

They had their separate charge to tend,
Each day upon the waste;
And out of spite poor Kitty's flock,
Ben round the common chased.

And then, when Kate had told her tale,
Ben got into disgrace,
And for the like offence again,
The urchin lost his place.

The reason why he stay'd so long,
I'll give you now to know ;
Ben's elder brother, Will, was once
Miss Lucy Millwood's beau.

But he had left and gone to sea,
With one his parents knew,
Who took him by the hand ; but, mark !
Such friends how very few.

And shortly after Will had left,
His father breath'd no more,
His mother, how she miss'd him then,
And wish'd him back on shore.

And Lucy thought of Will, and strove
To aid them for his sake ;
Thus Ben into their service took,
Who proved a sorry rake.

Will rose in rank and prosper'd well,
And wrote a letter home,
Begging they'd rig young Ben, that he
Might o'er the ocean roam.

As Lucy turn'd towards the clock,
"Past nine ! my goodness me !"
She cried, "where, at this late hour,
Can my poor father be?"

The outer door she open'd, then,
And found it snowing fast ;
"My father ! oh, what will he do?
Would that the storm were past."

That instant Dapple's well known foot,
Came tramping through the snow :
Oh, here he is !" the girl exclaim'd,
But Dapple told them ' No.'

My father ! oh, for mercy's sake !
My father ! where is he ?
Perhaps he's robb'd and murder'd too,—
But Kitty, hence with thee !

And ask old Hayworth if he'll go
To Darncleugh 'long with me,
My father's fate to ascertain
If alive or dead he be."

" Miss Lucy ! oh, Miss Lucy !"
Spoke Kate in fearful tone,
" I always am so timorous,
When left at dark alone."

Approaching near the cottage door,
A footstep they did hear ;
" Oh, here's my father !" Lucy cried,
" I will no longer fear."

The door was opened, when appear'd
A tall, athletic fellow,
In a rough great coat, button'd up,
With bludgeon, and half mellow.

Poor Lucy wept, and ask'd the man
If he any tidings knew
Of her poor father, about whose fate
She pale and anxious grew.

" Yes," said the stranger, " I thinks as how
That I could stop your crying."
(Her tears had partly ceased to flow,
But heavy was her sighing).

"Don't ye be Lucy, that used to walk
With William 'cross the field?"
At this her recollection flew,
And fear began to yield.

"If ye be the same,"—"My father! oh,
Pray tell me, Is he well?"
"He is, my pretty maid," cried Will,
"But more of him I'll tell."

"Your father, Lucy's safe in port,
But a little in disguise;
Aboveboard something he has got,
For wine is apt to rise.

The horse, i'faith, he could not manage
To steer along the track;
So both got shipwreck'd in the snow,
But Dapple went off smack.

But I, by good luck chanced to stroll,
That day towards the green;
When I heard him singing out for help,
His craft could not be seen.

At last I found him, baskets too,
Both rolling in the snow;
So I tow'd him out, and offer'd him
His homeward way to show.

I lent him then a helping hand,
Till to a cot we came;
Where he made port, and in good time,
For his rigging wouldn't flame.

And when I knew it was ye'r dad,
Dam'me I scudded here,
Lucy, to let you know that he,
Was safe and sound, d'ye hear,

And don't ye know me, Lucy, eh?"

Then off he took his coat,
Displaying a suit of naval blue,
And sent his hat afloat.

"John Faithful! tell me, is it John?"

Can you John Faithful be?"

The girl exclaim'd, "What! don't ye, Lucy,
Yet know that I am he?"

"Well to be sure, I had a dream,
That you was coming home."

"Bless your sweet eyes," the sailor cried,
"No more I mean to roam."

Here Lucy's father enter'd in,
Quite sober'd and ashamed,
Of the untoward circumstance;
But how could he be blamed?

For market-days, and market-nights,
Folk will be unco happy;
And he, like Tam O'Shanter, then
Sat bousing o'er the nappy.

The gallant Tar, then up he sprang,
And bade them all good-bye.
The farmer and the Tar they met
Again in spirits high.

Four long years had pass'd away,
And John was safe on shore;
If not rich, quite rich enough
To go to sea no more.

The sequel you may easy guess;
The twain may now be seen,
To occupy the finest farm,
Upon the village green.

Some say that Kate and little Ben
Forgot their scenes of riot,
And now are living by the green,
In a cottage snug and quiet.

A happy spot the green became,
Before the year had sped ;
The farmer chatted of his kye.
Which he from fatlings fed.

He freely gave his best advice
To Will from day to day ;
Each year succeeding prosper'd well,
And all around look'd gay.

The good old sire, with hoary locks,
Was summon'd to his bier ;
His dying words at length he breathed,
" God bless you, children dear."

A GHOST STORY.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristled hair stood like a stake.
Burns.

An Inn close by the road-side stood,
'Twas snug and neat, tho' built of wood.
When evening closed the toilsome day,
Many towards it bent their way.
A jovial set at times were there,
(When met, most country people are,)
To relate the topics of the day,
And hear what each had new to say.
One eve a stranger to the spot,
But eke a friend to pipe and pot,
Wander'd that way ; and sate him down,
As sociable as any clown.
Then, o'er his glass and foaming ale,
He told the rustics many a tale ;
And as each hour did quickly pass,
He fill'd another, and another glass :
With one or t'other crack'd a joke,
Till stupified by drink and smoke :
Forgetful, all the while, that he
Had wife at home, and children three,
Suff'ring from want and misery.
Nor would he stir when others went,
Tho' all his money he had spent.
But, like some little stubborn dame,
His ruling passion nought could tame :
Or like an urchin sent to school,
Whose headstrong temper none can rule ;

Or when at home, and with the mother,
Neither do one thing nor another.
Compell'd at length to take the road,
Each staggering step became a load.
Dauntless he, who nothing fear'd,
The tales of ghosts and goblins jeer'd.
Thinks he, there's no such frightful wretches
As prophesied by rambling witches.
Traversing o'er the lonely vale,
Magnified thoughts his breast assail;
Each babbling brook appear'd an ocean,
Ebbing, like a sea in motion:
Each horse was of colossus size,
If mounted you could reach the skies,
Or face a phalanx of enemies,
And dare them in the ample field.
Each star appear'd a warrior's shield,
A flashing meteor from afar,
Increased his deadly rage for war;
Descending thus,—in sudden fall,
He deem'd it as a cannon ball.
Well arm'd, he strode the ample field,
Himself to guard, himself the shield.
Onward he rush'd, till in his face,
There stared a form of porky race.
Belated he, bold as the night,
Vain efforts made the foe to fight.
Now furiously he struck again,
When down he fell upon the plain.
His courage fail'd, the spirit flew,
(Panting, he still more fearful grew)
Hovering round him, just as if
It had been some fleet hippogrif.
This pig was of prodigious size,
With curly tail, and saucer eyes;
Intrepid at his swinish prey,
Still watching o'er him as he lay,
He, bounding forward, led the way.

Then looking round with doubt and fear,
Lest more than mortal should appear,
Still found the monster at his heels,
Dancing a set of demon reels.
He call'd for aid with all his might ;
The neighbours roused at dead of night,
To lend assistance, but in vain,
The ghost had vanish'd from the plain.

Oh, roamers ! who your hours misspend,
See how your guilty pleasures often end.
Pleasures so sought the seekers bosom foil,
Their recompense but bitter, fruitless toil.
Behold the ragged, shameless, drunken sot,
Staggering homewards to his cheerless cot,
Where weeps for him his lonely, virtuous wife.
Who loves him dearer far than her own life.
Where too his babes without a father's care
Are left each other's misery to share.
Would not this picture melt the flinty heart,—
Nay make the drunkard at his own shadow start ?
Curs'd then be those, who, like the subject of my story .
Such evil do, and in their shame but glory.

A RUM STORY.

My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool !
And pleasure is a wanton trout—
An ye drink it a', ye'll find him out.

BURNS.

'Tis odd, but so the story goes,
That women love their greatest foes ;
It may to some appear absurd,
But such I vow I've often heard ;
There are exceptions, this is one,
On which my history shall run.
A man, a keg of rum had bought,
And when the liquor he had brought
Through scorching sun, for many a mile,
His wife (who met him with a smile),
Before he'd time to put it down,
Presents him with a note from town.
Therein he found he must proceed
On business with the utmost speed.
He now became perplex'd in mind
Where a hiding-place to find,
(For well he knew it ne'er could be
Trusted to his wife's custody),
And *rum* though it no doubt may seem
The keg was fasten'd to a beam,
But much against his wife's consent,
Who on tapping it was fully bent.
Then off to town the gude man started.
But scarce had he from his mistress parted,
Before she rack'd her muddled brain
How she might the keg regain.

This was to her the joyous hour
Which did her spirits quite o'erpower ;
However, to relieve the keg,
She hobbled on her wooden leg,
Brought out a tub with hopes to fill,—
A washing tub,—that none might spill,
Then 'gainst the wall she placed her back,
(Of manly courage she'd no lack) ;
But stop, a gun she brought as well,
(This I'd near forgot to tell ;)
The trigger pull'd, when, "sweet contents,
Repaid for trouble who laments?"
She cried, and ere ; the stream had done,
To quench her thirst she had begun ;
When lo—the spirit took a dire effect.
"Oh, heavens ! in pity me protect,"
She pray'd, as headlong down she fell
Into this *rum-ish* sort of well ;
Just then her lord at home arrives,
But scarce could he believe his eyes ;
He raised her from the tub, and cried,
"Oh ! faithless wife"—she groan'd and died.

Take heed, oh, woman ! ne'er betray
Thy senses, when thy lord's away ;
In *such* we find (too true the case),
That man is fool'd, and woman base.

THE WAG.

He has shewn off his tricks in France, Italy, Spain;
 And Germany, too, knows his legerdemain.
 So hearing John Bull has a taste for strange sights
 He's coming to London to put us to rights.

H. K. White.

A wag, (no doubt of great renown,)
 At a country Inn sate down,
 "Landlord; dinner bring for one,"
 (As for money he had none,)
 "And bring it in a hurry too."
 Another Gent, "Sir, what for you?"—
 The wag replied "oh! dinner bring for two."
 The *Times* he gave them to amuse,
 Which both together did peruse;
 Then straightway goes to dress the meal,
 With all dexterity and zeal.
 Nor was it long ere, with much pleasure,
 He announced "Sirs, the dinner waits your leisure"
 "Then, Sir, vill you lead the vay?"
 "No, Sir, after you, I pray."
 "Landlord"—"Yes, Sir, what you please."
 "Why, hang it, let us have some cheese,
 And Stilton, too, that's full of vein,
 Ah! this is, cut and come again.
 Stop, landlord, you can clear the table;
 Do it as quick as you are able,
 Then bring some wine, and make us merry,
 A bottle each of Port, and Sherry,
 Then join us, landlord, in a glee."
 "Lard, Sir, that would not do for me!"

“Hark you, I’ll tell you something new,
Which profits me and others too ;
Now, landlord, if you think it good,
(Let it be plainly understood),
You will, of your own free accord,
Proffer me a due reward.
“I will,” replied the man of cheer.
“Then from *one butt, two* kinds of beer,
I’ll take,—and it shall be as pure,
As any ale you can procure.”
“Really, Sir, I can’t believe ye.”
“What, do you think that I’d deceive thee?
I tell it, Sir, then, as a fact,
In which you’ll find I am exact ;
It is a secret, so you’ll find,
And me you’ll always bear in mind.”
The host then quickly did reply,
“The experiment pray let us try.”
Then both to the cellar straightway ran,
To test this novel brewing plan.
The wag, as anxious as the host,
Of due reward, and that which most
Would prove to his advantage too,
Eyed well the bar ere he withdrew.
Then, with his implements prepared,
He bored a hole, (the landlord stared,)
And when the gimblet he withdrew,
Bade him keep his hand close to.
Then on the other side he made another,
And o’er it bade him place the other,
While he retired to the hall,
To answer a most pressing call.
The host agreed, and as he went,
He promised not to give it vent,
Our wag then to the Cockney goes,
But found him in a deep repose.
So freely of his own accord,
He helped himself to his reward,

Sacking whatever he could spy,
(’Twas little that escaped his eye,)
Then, unconcern’d, he walk’d away,
Leaving his friend the reckoning to pay,
And “mine host” two vents to put
Into his double bor’d XXX butt.

Youth, let truth exhort thee thus :
Restrain not reason in the fuss,
Which oft we are too apt to make
With strangers, for acquaintance’ sake.
How often will it prove the case,
The project in itself is base.
Folly is, as here we find,
Too soon impress’d upon the mind.
Take manly bearing as thy guide,—
Throw vain frivolities aside ;
Eschew low tricks, shun ostentation.
Nor mimic those above your station.

THE IRISH HERO.

And his head, as it tumbled, went rickety knock,
Like a pebble in Carisbrook well.

Smith.

At the battle of the Nile, I'm told,
When powder was plentiful and sailors bold ;
An Irishman was there engaged,
Who with the war became enraged ;
The dying and the wounded's wail,
His courage quickly caused to fail ;
Nor fun in fight could Paddy find,
So vow'd he'd leave the ship behind.
Then off he ran ; but in retreat,
Was nimbly taken *off* his feet,
The gore besprinkled o'er the deck,
Had thus occasion'd Paddy's wreck ;
And as he lay and saw it flowing,
A cannon-ball, a-head was going.
Pat stretch'd his hand the ball to pocket,
But soon he found he had to *drop it* ;
When up he jumps, and down he goes,
Resolved to screen himself from foes ;
When to a copper soon he came,
In which to hide he thought no shame ;
But, hold ! he found whilst stepping in,
His foot trod on a little urchin—
He bawl'd, which frighten'd Paddy sore,
His vengeance then increased the more ;
The cabin boy, who in sorry plight,
Stood in the copper bolt upright ;
“ Tunder and turf ! ” then roars out Pat,

“Come out, wid ye, come out o’ that !”
Then out he dragg’d him with a grin,
“Come out and let a *man* get in !
Away, into the cannon’s mouth,
There safe from storm and weather, both,
They’ll send you homeward in a crack ;
Ne’er more you’ll wish for to come back !”
Still as a mouse our hero lay,
Nor night knew he then from the day :
But as the battle hotter raged,
And every seaman was engaged,
This copper sadly blocked the way,
So “Heave her o’er, without delay,”
Cried Jack ; and without more ado,
The lumbering copper they o’erthrew.
Pat roars out, “murther !” when he found
Himself upon such swampy ground ;
In vain did he essay to catch
The waves ; at last he’d found his match ;
So down he went, to Davy’s locker,
Cursing the cabin-boy and copper.

A CHOLERA CASE.

I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet :
 You stare, but, Sirs, I've got it yet,
 And can produce it."—Pray, Sir, do :—
 I'll lay my life the thing is blue."

Merrick.

A gent, who, feeling somewhat poorly,
 Thought he was going to die most surely,
 At length became so very bad,
 The Cholera, one declared he had.
 He call'd his footman Johnny in,
 To wash him with the fleshbrush clean.
 In haste John knock'd the candle o'er,
 Then in the dark groped round the floor.
 At last some brushes Johnny found,—
 With one he brushed his master round ;
 Then to the Board of Health he ran,
 Stating his master was a dying man.
 With John the Board return'd in haste.
 Declaring they'd no time to waste,
 They doff'd the blankets, large and small,
 When his colour much surprised them all ;
 From white it changed to that of slate,
 Which kept them in no long debate ;
 All with one voice were then agreed,
 " A Cholera case it is indeed !"
 They dipp'd him in a bath lue-warm'd,
 Which done,—reader, be not alarm'd—
 His colour changed again to white,
 Which startled all, for 'twas not right.
 Not knowing what they'd better do,
 Once more they dipp'd him, when he whiter grew ;

In short, he was himself again,
Without a Cholera spot or stain.
This sudden change ope'd all their eyes,
Making the doctors wond'rous wise.
They found, to their complete chagrin,
That simple John had ta'en them in :
And soon it went the city round,
What a mare's nest the quacks had found.
For John, who thought he'd brush'd in style,
The blacklead brush had used the while ;
Brushing his master black and blue,
Which gave his skin a Cholera-hue.
At this *denouement* of the case,
The " Board " got into sad disgrace ;
Who, finding how grossly duped they'd been,
Skulk'd, in sad dudgeon, from the scene,
Threat'ning next time they Johnny met,
To brush *him* o'er with Warren's jet.

MOTHER, DAUGHTER, AND PHRENOLOGIST.

He had been long t'wards mathematics,
Optics, philosophy, and statics,
Magic, horoscopy, astrology,
And was old dog at physiology.

Butler.

In March of 1835,
A foolish mother did contrive
To scan the genius of her child,
Whose sense was quick and temper mild.
Reader, I vow, 'twixt thee and me,
At eight, she knew her A, B, C ;
At nine, she could both read and write ;
At ten, the piano play at sight ;
And sing, too ; ah ! as well as any
Toad that croaks in waters fenny.
At geography she was clever,—
Could tell all countries whatsoever ;
That England lies towards the north,—
In Leeds there flows the Frith o' Forth ;
That Scotland lies towards the south—
Close to Father Thames's mouth ;
That Wales you'll find upon the right,
And Paddy's land quite opposite.
At twelve (which is her present age),
In wisdom she's a perfect sage ;
Can tell you where the planets lie—
How stars revolve, and comets fly :
Of genius great, and temper mild,
She is, indeed, a wondrous child.

In *ologies*, the mother's clever;
Yet phrenology she studied never:
But to a man who knows the art,
She did apply,—he play'd his part
With practised skill. He was a cit,
A man of learning and of wit,
Who knew the natives how to gull,
By finding bumps upon the skull;
And pointing where each organ lies,
That makes us passionate or wise.
Scarce was she seated in his chair,
Before, with a most knowing air,
He vow'd she lack'd the bump of sense;
But hoped the lady would not take offence.
Deeply enraged the mother cries,
"The man's a fool—they call him wise;
A fool—a knave indeed is he;
So come along, my child, with me."
The shock quite drove her into fits,
Thro' which she well-nigh lost her wits.
But should she ne'er regain them more
(If sense, indeed, she had before),
Their loss we greatly must deplore.

'Mongst the many branches of tuition,
Choose what suits your child's condition.
As its genius seems inclined,
Foster the buddings of its mind;
Cherish, with care whate'er is good,
But nip each folly in the bud;
And every rising passion chide,
Which might, uncheck'd, grow up to pride.
Parents are apt in others faults to find,
Whilst to their own too oft they're blind.
Mark, as above, the mother's shock,
Making herself and child a laughing-stock.

THE HIGHWAYMAN.

As a highwayman's life is the fullest of zest,
 So a highwayman's death is the briefest and best.
 He dies not as other men die, by degrees,
 But *at once!* without flinching—and quite at his ease.
Turpin's Ride to York.

One Doctor Leechem, being call'd abroad,
 With pistols arm'd 'gainst the danger of the road.
 A bag of coin he thought would answer well,
 (Counterfeit, I need scarce my readers tell),
 Fearing perchance a footpad he might meet,
 On whom 'twould be no sin to practise the deceit.
 The night was dark, when, at a good round pace,
 The traveller met with Ractliffe face to face.
 Oh, how the Doctor quaked beneath his eye,
 Whilst he implored him not to let him die.
 "What have you there," the robber quick replied,
 "Besides this half-starved nag on which you ride?
 'Tis gold I want; give gold, and you I'll spare,
 But trifle not or of my wrath beware."
 Finding resistance vain the bag he gave,
 In hope the artifice his life would save;
 Ractliffe, content, then hasten'd to his gang,
 Whose shouts of joy the dismal cavern rang;
 And as he threw his shining booty down,
 They hail'd him as a hero of renown.
 But, oh! their consternation, when one cried,
 "That this is counterfeit can't be denied."

But while his comrades laugh'd at his dismay,
Ractliffe was thinking of another way
Of acting; and the new-schemed plan was this:
That he no more the Doctor's *gold* might miss,
He'd nightly watch the road he thought he went,
And if he caught him ask him what he meant
By insolence so great; and then, oh, then!
"I'll serve him out, as you shall see, my men."
E'en so it was; ere many suns had set,
Ratcliffe again the crafty Doctor met.
"Hail, generous Sir," said he, "ere you go away,
I have a friendly word or two to say;
Not long ago about this spot we met,
The circumstance you surely can't forget;
I ask'd your gold, which readily you gave;
'My life,' you cried, 'is all I wish to save.'
Howe'er, I fear you made a sad mistake,
In giving me this bag, which now you'll take.
Our gentle craft, good Sir, no smashers are,
Such lawless practices from us be far.
This moment, too, you'll from your horse alight,
Or know you not another day from night."
Presenting then his deadly pistols two,
He on the ground the quaking Doctor threw;
"Come, haste, my friend, for time is on the wing,
I stay not here, to hear night warblers sing;
For parley now there is but little need,
To business let us both at once proceed.
To doff your clothes it is my sovereign pleasure,
That I may strip you of your hidden treasure;
Your *generosity*, good Sir, to me I fear,
As heretofore might prove but worthless gear."
The Doctor being thus so closely press'd,
Drew forth a pocket pistol from his breast,
And fired; but miss'd our hero, who was brave,
And anxious still the Doctor's life to save.
"But," said the thief, "a cooler aim might meet
Your approbation, Sir, and at your feet,

Find your ability at length displayed
O'er the cold corpse of one still undismay'd."
Resistance now avail'd the Doctor naught,
He being now in Ratcliffe's clutches caught;
Who, to complete old Leechem's many woes,
At once denuded him of all his clothes.
Then, coolly bade him mount his grizzly nag,
And, Judaslike, to bear away the bag.
How quick the Doctor sped I need not say,
Nor yet how soon at home he found his way.
No Gilpin with more haste could then have sped;
Or anxious lover in his haste to wed;
Nor Turpin's ride to York was half so swift
As Leechem's, when by Ratcliffe turn'd adrift.
Ractliffe examined, ere he left the ground,
The Doctor's clothes; and it is said he found
Some forty guineas sewed within the waist,
With which he straight decamp'd in haste.
But Ratcliffe with this booty not content,
For on still further plunder he was bent;
And taking to a lonelier road he thought,
That other game would be as easy caught.
But robbers, mark! there always comes a time,
When you, and suchlike, must atone your crime.
But to my tale: the robber quickly spies
A Captain of the guard to whom he cries,
"Stand and deliver all that you possess,
Or you shall ne'er rejoin your friends at mess."
Then, thinking the brave Captain he could subdue,
He cried "Surrender!" and on him swiftly flew.
Mistaken man! how little had he thought,
What skill the Captain had with whom he fought.
They closed; a desperate struggle then ensued,
The Captain brave, his enemy subdued;
And Ractliffe soon became his lawful prey,
Whom he to prison had convey'd away.
Hey-day, Ractliffe! are you caught at last?
What matters now the triumphs of the past?

No more o'er heaths, and woods, and lanes, you'll roam,
Newgate, my boy, must be your only home.
And so it was ; for soon our hero found
Himself, as honest Jack would say, "aground."
For near such moorings you may easy guess
A drop might quickly finish his distress.
Which soon he proved, who long by dropping sought,
A drop at last might be too dearly bought.
His trial came, and Ractliffe was condemn'd,
To suffer an ignominious end.
This highwayman from the platform high,
Soon dropp'd for aye into eternity.

THE ELFIN.

It was surprisingly little, distorted in features, and misshapen in limbs.
Vide note S Appendix to the Lay of the Last Minstrel.

'Twas once on a time, in days of old,
 When tales of ghosts were so often told,
 Phœbus had sunk 'neath the western hills,
 And gently flow'd the murmuring rills ;
 The nightingale with her rapt'rous song,
 Loud echo'd the distant hills among ;
 The moping owl had left her nest,
 While nature took her accustom'd rest.
 Such are the times when spirits creep
 From out the bosom of the vasty deep ;
 Now dancing on the swelling tide,
 Now wandering by the mountain's side ;
 Or, rising from some boggy glen,
 Seek to molest the haunts of men ;
 Thro' groves and orchards, too, they stray,
 But vanishing at break of day :
 'Twas thus an Elfin, wild, appear'd,
 (Whose dread approach by all was fear'd)
 Where Dougal's farm of Eilden-hill
 Peep'd o'er the orchard and the mill.
 He, when his daily toil was o'er,
 A horse had taken to the moor.
 The night was dark, the wind was high,
 When something white the man did spy ;
 And whilst with fear his breast was toss'd,
 He heard the cry of " Lost ! lost ! lost ! "

Still, trembling from top to toe,
He quick prepared to meet his foe ;
Aloud he call'd, " What dost thou here ?
Of man or de'il I hae nae fear."
When, lo ! a creature to him came
In form unlike a human frame ;
Distorted 'twas in every feature,
A little, ugly, misshapen creature.
" Oh, what a brute !" exclaims the man,
And off towards home away he ran.
But on the way, oh, strange to tell,
Exhausted, Dougal trembling fell.
No chance now left of his escape,
Swift past him flew this Elfin shape.
Again he starts, in dire alarm,
Hoping, unhurt, to reach his farm :
But Elfin had o'erta'en him there ;
Strange was its colour, white its hair ;
Composed of real flesh and blood,
It ate, and drank, and walk'd, and stood.
At times 'twas playing with the boys ;
Anon it made a hideous noise,
When they too familiar grew,
Which made them its acquaintance rue.
One darksome evening (so they say),
These youngsters having been at play,
Young master Dougal, forgetting quite,
That he was playing with a sprite,
By many tricks did it annoy :
When loudly it exclaim'd, " My boy,
Your fun I do not much enjoy ;
And, if repeated it should be,
My vengeance fierce you soon shall see."
At this, " Gilpin " was loudly call'd ;
The Elfin for a moment stood appall'd.
Then, quickly taking to its heels,
With mystery its presence seals.
I give the story as it ran,
Believe it, reader, if you can.

THE WIDOW OF DORT.

A tale of wonder for the eyebrows' arch.

Old Play.

Hard by the road a pretty cottage stood,
 Surrounded by a garden and a wood.
 Within, you saw the busy housewife's care,
 Without, you breathed the sweetness of the air.
 Its owner was a carpenter by trade,
 Whose steady habits had the groundwork laid
 Of future wealth ; but his earthly course was short,
 For death removed him from the town of Dort.
 Two daughters and a son he left to share,
 Their widow'd mother's love, and anxious care.
 One ev'ning dark, when their day's work was o'er,
 The fire fresh kindled, and shut to the door,
 The hour, too, nine, so chimed the village clock,
 They heard. or thought they heard, a gentle knock.
 The widow rose to answer to the call,
 When she beheld a soldier arm'd and tall,
 With musket and a broadsword by his side,
 Who begg'd he might not be denied
 A lodging for the night. " No lodgings I've to let,"
 Quickly replied the widow in a pet.
 " But, stay, there's half my son's bed, 'tis true,
 If you can show why I should shelter you."
 " Here's my discharge," he said, " good lady kind,
 From Diesbach's regiment ; 'tis duly sign'd ;
 And, what is more, my passport you shall see,
 That no suspicion you may have of me."

"I'm satisfied, brave soldier," then she said,
"And for the night you're welcome to a bed ;
But ere you sleep, partake our humble fare,
And then we'll listen to your tale of care."
The good old soldier feeling now at home,
Allow'd his mind o'er by-gone scenes to roam ;
Which pleased his hostess much, and many a jest
Was pass'd betwixt them, till the hour of rest.
But scarce had sleep the warrior's eyelids closed,
Than to fresh dangers he became exposed.
Strange noises fell upon his list'ning ear,
Which, for the widow's safety, made him fear.
At length, repeated knocks left him no doubt
That there were midnight robbers round about.
He quickly roused the son who, much alarm'd,
Sprang out of bed and in an instant arm'd.
The brave old veteran keeping by his side,
Not caring now what might himself betide,
Prepared for action in the widow's right,
To whom he owed his shelter for that night.
With cautious step he near'd the cottage door,
Which open flew, and in rush'd ruffians four.
The villains scarce an entrance had made,
Ere two were lifeless by their comrades laid.
The son meanwhile so surely made his mark,
That fatal was his aim tho' in the dark.
Then on the rest the soldier boldly flew,
And ran the third man with his bayonet through.
Upon the fourth, who coward turn'd and fled,
He fired ; and shot the scoundrel dead.
The people round right early were employ'd,
To know the reason why they'd been annoy'd ;
And some with lanterns groped their timid way,
Where the robbers' bodies on a dunghill lay.
The news soon reach'd the burgomaster's hall,
Who on his syndic instantly did call,
To summon all the parties face to face,
And learn the truth of this most wondrous case.

'Twas proved in evidence the soldier brave,
Had jeopardized his life his hostess's to save.
But to my story's end I must proceed :
The widow recompensed the generous deed ;
She gave the soldier, brave, though seventy-two,
A hundred pounds in golden guineas new ;
The city, too, presented him for life,
A pension, for his courage in the strife.
The ruffians four were buried side by side,
Within one grave, so near were they allied.
A noted cross-road was their burial-ground ;
And to this day a flagstone may be found,
Pointing the spot to every passer-by,
Where their remains, dishonour'd, lie.

JEFFRIE LONG.

A MODERN DON QUIXOTE.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
 Up flew the windows all;
 And every soul cried out "Well done,"
 As loud as he could bawl.

Cowper.

Neighbours draw nigh, and list ye to my song,
 Or rather the history of Jeffrie Long.
 Long Jeffrie, too, by some he has been named,
 But, Long or Short, I vow he ne'er was tamed.
 This desperado, known full well
 By all who lived about the Bell,
 Did scour the village fields and lanes;
 In fright'ning folk he took great pains.
 One day, well arm'd with pistols two,
 He vow'd great mischief he would do;
 Ere long he spied a motley drove
 Of oxen from a neighbouring grove;
 Some squeaking pigs brought up the rear—
 An heterogeneous group, 'tis clear.
 Nor rank nor file they seem'd to mind—
 Ungovernable as the wind.
 He pounced upon them, (so I'm told,)
 Like to a wolf upon a fold.
 Then, after them, march'd two tall swains,
 In eyeing whom Jeff took great pains.
 "Such lads before I ne'er did see,"
 Says Jeffrie, "You're the boys for me."
 Then, standing in his stirrups' height,
 He rush'd upon them left and right.

"Oh, by the powers! who have we here?"
Exclaim'd the swains, half dead with fear.
"Your money, and your watch," said he,
"This instant you must yield to me;
I swear, if these you do not give,
Another hour you shall not live."
"And were they kill'd?" quoth neighbour Ive.
No, my good Sir, they're both alive.
At first the swains were sore afraid
At being so abruptly staid;
Then fiercely rushing on their foe
To make him thus his claim forego.
"Bold stroke, indeed," says Jeffrie Long,
"But you, I trow, will find 'twas wrong."
They stood an instant, frighten'd sore,
But Jeffrie's vengeance rose the more.
In vain, 'tis true, for off they ran
E'er Jeffrie could o'ertake each man.
Though on his steed he gave them chase,
Like game they flew before his face.
"And he not aim?" says Farmer Mott,
"Why I'd have given each man a shot."
"Now stop," cries one, "and you shall hear."
Says Ive, "the farmer's 'mong the game I fear."
Neighbours, your patience, if you please,
I'll quickly set your minds at ease:
'Twas said a pig had gone astray,
'Twixt the horse's legs had lost its way.
Capsizing horse and rider too,
In fear, on foot, Long Jeffrie flew.
"Poor little dear," says Mrs. Meek,
"How fearfully it then would squeak."
"But, mother, now," says little Joe,
"This is, indeed, a funny go,
For pigs to squeak and men to run,
How I should like to have seen the fun!"
List ye, neighbours, all the folk set out
To follow this Quixote in his route.

"Hollo! what's that I hear behind?"
Says Jeff, "'tis 'Hue and Cry,' I find.
Each villager taking the alarm,
With mop or broom did quickly arm.
"Oh, crickey! mother, what a spree,"
Says Joe, "I long the end to see."
Well; finding at length which way he'd fled,
They swore they soon would lay him dead.
The drovers, too, who late before
He'd charged so desperately sore,
Now turn'd them round and charged again,
Belabouring him with might and main.
"But, mother, if I speak the truth,
I think to fight with mops uncouth,"
Says little Joe; "and, what is more,
I'd try to make such cowards roar."
This heroism in the cause
Earn'd master Joe immense applause.
Impatient now to hear the end,
In silence they did all attend.
Against a wall, with dire grimace,
Jeff placed himself his foes to face;
Waving his sword around his head,
"Come on, my lads," he boldly said.
When, lo! stepp'd forth a gawky boy,
Who thought our hero to annoy.
He had a mopstick in his hand,
Which, flourishing, he cried out "stand."
Jeff parried each thrust the stripling made,
Nor seem'd of aught to be afraid.
Then, brandishing his sword around,
He placed the hilt upon the ground,
And, without the least parade,
He threw himself upon its blade.
Thus *Long*, the hero of the field,
Was forced at length his life to yield.

THE LITTLE MAN.

Good people all of every sort,
 In London's famous city,
 There lived a man whose name was Short,
 Who thought it was a pity,
 That he should be without a wife,
 Forget it I never can,
 Says he, "I am, upon my life,
 A loving little man."

'Twas natural, at any rate,
 That he should wish to love;
 For he was as affectionate
 As any turtle dove.
 No girl he e'er could let alone,
 Forget it I never can;
 But all refused, in scornful tone,
 To wed a *little* man.

Says he, "I really know not why
 I should be thus declined;
 The emulation of the *high*
 Is stature of the mind:
 This I possess in great degree.
 Forget it I never can,
 For a moment you might plainly see
 The pride of the little man.

At length from taunts to set him free,
Which did his spirits wound,
He vow'd at once he'd go to sea,
And sail the world around.
To all he bade a long adieu,
Forget it I never can;
The ladies didn't know what to do
When sail'd this little man.

But, ere they had voyaged far,
Their course they could not keep;
The ship, though steer'd by a skilful tar,
Soon found'er'd in the deep;
And 'twas whisper'd by the mate,
Forget it I never can,
That the vessel sank with the pond'rous weight
Of this very little man.

Our hero, borne upon a wave,
Was cast upon the shore;
Whilst some, who tried their lives to save,
Were never heard of more.
A native took him to his hut,
Forget it I never can,
They thought he came from Liliput,
He was such a little man.

Says he, "Whatever shall I do,
I see no English face;
The natives all degrade me, too,
In this outlandish place.
To fatherland I will go back,"—
Forget it I never can,
In a mussel-shell he sail'd, good lack,
He was such a little man.

To his shoemaker's, one Mr. Peels,
He quickly then did go ;
To order boots with higher heels,
His others were so low.
At last betwixt them 'twas agreed,
Forget it I never can,
Says Peels, " Of height you stand in need,
You're *such* a little man."

The boots were made, and fitted well,
It being something new ;
" I vow," says he, " I'm quite a swell,
My thanks I give to you."
Then off he goes, and with a bow,
Forget it I never can,
Says he, " My dears, how are you now ?"
" Quite well, my *little* man."

His *highness* was offended quite,
And in a passion flew,
To think that he was foil'd outright
In the course he did pursue.
Unto his friend he did complain,
Forget it I never can,
Says he, " Good Sir, 'tis very plain,
You're still a little man."

" I'll soon increase your height," says Peels,
" And make them to your ease,
By clapping springs into the heels ;
Now try them if you please."
Upon Peels' word he did rely,
Forget it I never can,
He jump'd till he jump'd up to the sky,
Did this very little man.

Then down he comes, and up he goes,
Himself he could not stop.
At length, to end his many woes,
He lands on a house top ;
Down the chimney-pot he went, 'tis true,
Forget it I never can,
It chanced to be where lived the Sue
Of this tiny single man.

Now Sue, of course, was very wroth,
As the reader may suppose,
For when she went to skim the broth,
She found some petitoes.
His screams, good friends, the chimney rent,
Forget it I never can,
Whilst Sue, in truth, distracted went,
For her scalded little man.

Miscellaneous Pieces.

LINES

ON SHOWING MY BROTHER OUR MOTHER'S GRAVE.

"Is this her grave, George?" exclaim'd my brother,
 "Is this the spot where sleeps our once-fond mother?
 Our brother, too, and sister then, lie here."
 (He turn'd, hard-striving to conceal a tear.)
 "Yes, Edmund; here our sainted mother's clay
 Doth rest, sleeping till the judgment-day;
 When she shall rise with glory on her head,
 In company with the happy, faithful dead.
 O Lord, our God, if I may call thee mine,
 To us two orphans now thine ear incline;
 Without a mother's hand to lead our youth
 Into the way of everlasting truth.
 Oh, hear our prayers, thus humbly to thee given,
 And guide our footsteps in the path to heaven.
 And, lest we to the right or left should stray,
 Make us thy presence feel by night and day;
 Beneath thy smile oh may we ever live,
 That we at last a good account may give.
 And when, like her, thou call'st us hence away,
 Thy summons may we meet without dismay;
 Mount up with her to join thee in the sky,
 Triumphant o'er death—man's last enemy.

MY MOTHER.

I early lost a mother's care ;
But not before I knew
From her to lisp the infant's prayer,
And sing God's praises too.

How often has my mother said,
" My darling boy attend
To all the lessons you have read,
By them your conduct mend."

But soon I saw her cheek grow pale,
And I was sent away ;
But, oh ! their whispers told the tale
That short would be her day.

Too true it was ; for soon they took
Me to her dying bed ;
When, giving me her much-prized book,
" My precious boy," she said,

" This Bible I have oft read through ;
It has my comfort been ;
By it I've learn'd God's will to do,
And heaven by it have seen."

Here fail'd her voice ; and as we stood,
Her happy spirit fled
To heaven, the rest of all the good,
But not of all the dead.

Oh, awful moment ! how I gazed
Upon her lifeless clay,
As quickly they my father raised,
And bore us both away.

And tho' the years have many been,
Since I my mother lost,—
And tho' I've mix'd in many a scene,
And on life's sea been toss'd,—

That blessed book has ever proved
A faithful friend to me;
And through it may my latter end
Like my dear mother's be.

ON THE SAME.

My mother! I miss thy affectionate smile,
Thy love and thy fondness I've cause to deplore;
My mother! thou art gone; but a very short while
Will unite us again to be parted no more.

My mother! that name is to me as a treasure,
Tho' no more thy arms press me with gladness and joy;
Nor thy lips kiss me and tell me with pleasure,
As once in my youth, "I love thee, dear boy."

No; no more upon earth thy eye will be bright,
No more shall I lean on thy pillowing breast;
A mortal no more, but an angel of light,
Thou art gather'd in peace to the mansions of rest.

When a frolicsome child what pains thou oft took,
To soothe me in trouble,—my quarrels to right;
On the lessons thou taught me I oftentimes look,
And dwell on those scenes with heartfelt delight.

Were I now but a child to behold thee once more,
And climb on thy knee thy fond kisses to share;
Thy precepts I'd treasure, thy form I'd adore,
Nor abandon myself again to despair.

My mother, I fain would recount all thy virtues ;
But, ah ! they are more than my pen can express ;
Suffice it to say, thou ne'er slighted thy duties,
But could chide for a fault, as well as caress.

The church-yard we oft visit where thou art lying,
On that spot do we gaze both I and my brother ;
And oft have our cheeks been channels, conveying
The fond recollections of thee, my dear mother.

Oh ! couldst thou appear once again to behold,
Thy once-beloved boys now forgotten and lone ;
Revisit this earth as we have seen thee of old,—
But vain is the wish for to heav'n thou art gone !

LINES

ON MY MOTHER'S AND GRANDMOTHER'S LIKENESSES,
AS REPRESENTED IN ONE PICTURE, EMBROIDERED
BY MY MOTHER.

Yes, yes, it is like them
That loved me so well !
Yes, like them it is, when
Their tales they would tell !
How oft have I sat me
Upon Granny's knee,
Whilst under a yew tree
So happy we'd be.
She would tell me of days
That long had been past,
And in how many ways
She'd often stuck fast.
One tale, I remember,
Was impress'd on my mind ;
The time was November,
When bleak was the wind.

She was crossing a wood
One evening alone,
When before her there stood
A man like a stone.
So fix'd was his posture,
So rigid his eye,
That my Granny felt sure
At once she must die.
So, falling before him,
Her life she did crave :
" Oh! commit not this sin,
Sir, my life, oh, pray save !"
The man at length yielded ;
And, raising my Granny,
To the right-about wielded
With " Come along, Nanny."
She at once recollected
'Twas my grandfather's song ;
His voice, too, she detected
When he cried " Come along."
She would picture the scene,
So much to the life,
That one felt it had been
With deep interest rife ;
For the tales she would tell,
Although she was old,
Were related as well
As ever were told.
Oh! I love now to scan
My Granny's dear face,
In each feature I can
Her gracefulness trace.
Next at my mother's look,
Like life she there stands ;
A rose my father took
And placed in her hands.
See the church there beyond,
Where gaily she went,

With a heart fond and young
At the altar she bent.
Her love she there plighted ;
And throughout life
No duty she slighted,
As mother or wife.
Beloved by the poor
For charities many,
From her generous door
She never sent any.
A good neighbour was she,
Wherever she dwelt,
So bland and so free
Her presence all felt.
Once more I'll look on thee,
Who loved thy dear boy ;
How oft hast thou call'd me
Thy life's only joy !
That likeness before me,
Oh ! could it but speak !
See that lip, too, and eye,
That affectionate check.
Oh ! were they but living
How proud should I be !
But why am I sinning ?
Why wishing to see
What here is denied all
As well as poor me ?
For the dead to recall
To mortals can't be.
But, fond mem'ry may dwell
On those that are dead ;
While their virtues we tell
And recount all they said.

THE DYING MAIDEN.

The maiden ceased to speak ; her wandering mind
Now traversed fancied forms, in them to find
What is not to be found in reason's hour,
Enchanted castles or a fairy's bower.
But from this airy dream she soon awoke,
And once again to those around her spoke.
An anxious youth there stood beside her bed,
Who'd given up all hopes the maid to wed ;
O'erjoy'd was he to hear her once more speak,
And see the colour in her pallid cheek.
Hope fill'd his sparkling eye and cheerful face,
Which beam'd with love and unaffected grace.
While o'er her lean'd her fond and anxious mother,
Trying, in vain, her tears of joy to smother,
As she beheld, once more, with raptures wild,
The dawn of reason light upon her child.
The maiden said, " O grant my last request,
Nor mourn my loss when I am gone to rest."
They wept ; and when again she gain'd her breath
She said, " Dear friends, I would prepare for death ;
Let now for me your prayers ascend to heaven,
That all my sins may be thro' Christ forgiven."
Then, casting from her mind all earthly cares,
With heart sincere she join'd their humble prayers.
And then her trembling hand she tried to raise
Whilst she essay'd to sing Jehovah's praise.
She fain again would something to them tell,
But her tongue falter'd ; her hands unclasped fell.
Her frenzied lover cried, " Mine own one's dead !"
And true it was ; her soul from earth had fled.
But the absent, not the lost, they're left to mourn,
For she to heaven was by the angels borne.

ESTEEM AND LOVE.

Esteem may daily in our hearts advance,
 But love is kindled by a sudden glance.
 Friendship, like fuel, doth feed love's fire,
 And brightest burns where we do most admire.
 Love is a train which instantly ignites,
 Without regard to property or rights ;
 High-born or low before it captive fall,
 Its sacred power indeed is felt by all.
 Consuming all, itself unscathed appears,
 Undying and unquench'd with growing years.
 Philosophers, indeed, in vain have tried,
 Altho' with each other they long have vied
 To trace its torturous course ; but all agree
 That they who are by it led can't see.
 And when aghast its ravages we mark,
 We scarce can think them kindled by a spark
 Struck out from roguish Cupid's dart.

IF THOU ART ABSENT.

When I am absent, love, from thee,
 The world attracts me not ;
 Life's highest pleasures are to me
 Unheeded and forgot.
 Indelibly upon my heart
 Thy image is impress'd ;
 How can I, love, from thee depart,
 I seek in vain for rest.

When balmy sleep I would invite,
 And on my couch recline,
 What makes it from me take to flight?
 'Tis thee I'd fain call mine.
 I wander thro' the groves so fair,
 Where nature's hand I trace ;
 But, love, when thou art absent there,
 'Tis all a desert place.

Yes, yes, love, tedious seems the time,
 Each hour a day appears ;
 Waiting to hear the wedding chime,
 To crown our future years.
 To love and be beloved is sweet,
 Who those bless'd bonds could sever ?
 'Twere better for us ne'er to meet
 Than meet and part for ever.

FARE THEE WELL.

Methought I heard a plaintive call,
 Which trembling echo'd from the wall ;
 A hand, too, waved the tale to tell,
 Again I heard it, " Fare thee well."

I ran, the parting kiss to crave,
 With eyes bedimm'd 'mid rolling wave,
 That bore me till love's parting fell,
 And softly whisper'd, " Fare thee well."

We part,—but, oh ! we'll meet again,
 No more to feel this passing pain ;
 Ne'er 'gainst thee shall this heart rebel,
 Thou virtuous maiden,—“ Fare thee well.”

LINES

WRITTEN ON RETURNING FROM A STROLL OVER
HAMPSTEAD-HEATH.

The sun was sinking,
I deeply thinking,
Roving over Hampstead vale ;
With many a sigh,
I beckon'd nigh
My childhood's thoughts—the youthful tale.

Time fleeteth fast,
Those hours are past
When all was pleasure, hope, and joy ;
Life's troubles then,
At the age of ten,
Were nought to me,—I had my toy.

Oh, thought! why rove,
And speak of love,
And boyhood's sports and pleasures past ?
Say what we may,
Time glides away,
And leaves us careworn men at last.

REFLECTIONS ON MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

Now would I sing of those bright days
When round me, in her sweetest rays,
My youthful lamp did shine ;
Those were the days when, like the kite,
I soar'd into the heaven's height,
And thought all joy was mine.

To Magelton wood oft have I fled ;
Making its highest stone my bed,
I've listen'd to the breeze ;
And many a time I've heard the cry
Of fearless huntsmen passing by,
Who seem'd to mock my ease.

I've watch'd the affrighted hare, that ran
From whin to whin, from hound and man,
With trembling and dismay ;
And, from the same enchanting spot,
I've seen the lowly peasant's cot
Gilded by the summer's ray.

Here have I seen the snow in May,
As 'twere a bleak December's day,
Cover the mountain-top ;
Whilst at its base (where maiden's dream)
I've watch'd the meandering stream,
And the young lambkins hop.

Here, too, I've in my boyhood stray'd,
And watch'd the game of curling play'd,
Or skated in the night :
And as we moved, with reindeer speed,
The mountain-shepherd's merry reed
Has heighten'd our delight.

And oft, whilst lying on my bed,
Air-castles have fill'd my dizzy head,
Of manhood's bless'd estate :
A coach I'd have, a horse I'd ride,
To a rich heiress be allied,
If such should be my fate.

My parents, too, encouraged me,
That I these happy days should see ;
For oft to me they'd write,

“ Your fortune’s nearly made, my lad,
For uncle John is very bad,
Not like to live a night.

And you, dear child, he always said,
As soon as he (poor soul) was dead,
Should be his heir-at-law.
So hold yourself in readiness,
For soon they’ll send for you express,
Your legacy to draw.”

But, lack-a-day, no tidings came,
And all things went on just the same
Until I quitted school;
And then, oh, then! I found how wrong
Had been the foolish schoolboy’s song;
My friends had play’d the fool.

For, home to England I was sent;
In London quick to business went;
My castles disappear’d;
For I was forced to work away,
A very drudge from day to day,
And nought my spirits cheer’d.

Oh then for the days of auld-lang-syne,
When youth and gaiety were mine,
Without the world’s alloy;
Gladly I’d part with manhood’s pride,
And all its gilded joys beside,
To be once more a boy.

ON A LAGGING DAY-SCHOLAR.

See ye the merry schoolboy there,
So free his heart from every care;
How little minds he who provides
For daily wants or aught besides.

Ofttimes he trudges to his school
Without the least regard to rule.
As to and fro the waters foam,
So careless does the schoolboy roam ;
Both fearless of the old man's prate,
And heedless whether soon or late.
'Tis true that he would often look,
With lazy eyes, into his book ;
But, lack-a-day, he little thought
What were the lessons that it taught.
When, after every stop and stay,
To school at last he wends his way.
But, oh ! the slate's forgot ; the sum
As set him is not e'en begun.
The master threatens him with taws,
And thrashes him—not without a cause ;
At which, for flying in a pet,
The foolscap on his head is set.
At noon the urchin took his hat,
So little had he cared for that,
And merry was his homeward song,
As quick he trudged his way along.

A SEA-TRIP OFF RAMSGATE.

As we dash'd from the shore in our nautilus boat,
The wind blew a gale till she jarr'd on the float.
To the Goodwin we gallantly scudded our way,
Surrounded by sea-gulls in quest of their prey.

I must tell you our boatman was Samuel Stokes,—
A dry kind of fellow when cracking his jokes.
Said I, "'tis rough, friend ; but of rough seas I am fond."
Sam replied, " Bless yer soul, 'tis as smooth as a pond."

Whilst leaving the harbour, the remains of a wreck
We thought we espied, tho' it seem'd but a speck.
But on nearing the object we found to our joy,
'Twas only a dog which had made to the buoy.

It recall'd to my mind what often I've heard,
Of a mariner's wreck ; with the wild sea-bird,
His only companion ; as he clang there alone
In frantic despair—all assistance being gone.

Then when from each sea hope yields him relief,
A sail he descries, and bids farewell to grief.
But, alas ! see the vessel goes on in her course,
Tho' signals he makes and calls till he's hoarse.

"O God !" he exclaims, as he sinks on the rock,
"Each chance of deliv'rance my misery doth mock ;
And here on this rock a lone death I must die,
With the thought, too, that help has often been nigh."

There had been, I had heard, on the previous day,
Some smugglers detected in Pegwell bay ;
Our steersman when question'd related the story,
With that bluntness in which our jolly Tars glory.

How fearless, how anxious by night and by day,
With a frown on his brow ; with terror at bay ;
All restless to anchor, yet where is the spot ?
Oh ! great is the risk of the smuggler's lot.

"Here's a place where our cargo safe landed can be."
'Tis fixed on ; they row to their comrades at sea.
At night they make for the shore ;—their boat is espied ;
Already the guardsmen at the spot have arrived.

Mark, the boat's run on shore, the cargo half landed,
When a gale springing up close on shore she is stranded ;
Then down rush the guardsmen to capture the prize ;
The smuggler half-wild at the sudden surprise.

One hand on his cutlass, and seizing the belt,
The other, the pistol enclosed in the belt,
"Defiance I bid to whoever comes near,"
He exclaimed; "for no man or weapon I fear."

Now on the wretch a desperate onslaught is made,
By the resolute and well-arm'd coast-blockade.
Reader! imagine the scene as you may,
The smuggler falls lifeless into the spray.

STOLEN MOMENTS.

Some mice assembled at their ease,
In a snug pantry stocked with cheese,
Each thought to have the richest bit,
Then all around the dresser sit;
His Lordship, stationed at the end,
Desiring those around to send
Those dainties which they had before,
Both pies, and tarts, above a score.
"Come, come my friends, now live at ease.
Take freely of whate'er you please;"
Quoth he, "my friends, without delay,
I beg, ere we begin, to say
May we have such cheer another day.
For most, before their meat, say grace,
Or so pretend, with solemn face;
Then let us eat, no time be lost,
We live, you know, at others' cost."
Just then an unknown voice was heard,
Which put th' assembly on their guard:
But scarce had they their sports begun,
Before they deemed it best to run.
Their social chat and interview
Was all in secret; no one knew,

Till puss by chance espied one day,
“When the cat’s away, the mice will play.”
Such is the case, when lovers meet,
In shady lane or public street.
While all around, their eyelids close,
They steal from slumber’s soft repose,
To tell their amorous tales to those
Their hearts clandestinely hath chose,
In strains at once both soft and kind;
For love, they say, is often blind.
Now from the casement leer the eye,
Then nod and wink and heave a sigh;
Make signs and gestures and grimaces,
Clownlike, had they but painted faces.
Let such of two-legg’d cats beware,
Who prowl abroad but to ensnare.

LIBERTY.

Thou fairest, brightest of all good below,
That manhood can receive or God bestow !
Seen in the savage, imaged on the wave,
And boldly shadow’d to the dreaming slave.
Inhabitant of air on earth disgraced,
When by foes reviled, by treach’rous friends debase
Now prostituted to a gaping crowd
That knaves may rule, or rivals may be bowed.
Now used but as an empty sound,—a bait
Gulph’d down by fools to wreak some private hate.
O Liberty ! how oft thy name’s misused,
By freemen and by slaves alike abused.

THINE EVERMORE.

Can I forget
When first we met,
Beside the village brook ;
Thy modest face
Of beauty's race,
Or thy blushing maiden look ?

I watch'd the sigh
Which struggled high,
Yet dared not tell its pain ;
The spark I caught,
Of love, I thought,
And sigh'd for thee again.

Thy radiant eyes,
Lit by surprise,
In splendour's glory shone ;
They told the tale,
What could avail ?
Love claim'd thee for her own.

Thine evermore,
Though oceans roar,
And mountains interpose ;
Distance in vain
Shall part us twain,
Nought can our love oppose.

With aching heart
I hence depart,
Believe me, not for ever ;
For months but few,
'Twixt I and you,
Our happiness will sever.

One kiss, my dear,
To dry the tear
Which now bedims thine eye;
My love, 'tis true,
Must bid adieu,
Adieu! my love, good-bye.

THERE WAS A VOICE.

There was a voice at the ev'ning hour
That sweetly sang to me;
And, oh! still do I feel the power
Of that loved melody.
Her arm in mine I fondly press'd,
And told her all my love;
Her sweet cheek, too, I oft caress'd
Whilst rambling thro' the grove.

And, as we to her homestead hied,
Swift flew the fleeting hour;
Softly we spoke, and sweetly sigh'd
Like turtles in a bower.
But, like all other joys, 'twas short,—
Brief as the cloud of morn;
For, though seclusion we had sought,
We were asunder torn.

The balmy sigh of the ev'ning breeze
Fell trembling on the ear;
When a rustling 'mong the fallen leaves
Betoken'd footsteps near.
A form she saw, or thought she saw,
'Twas the moonbeams on the stream;
Grief touch'd my heart that ought should ere
Disturb so sweet a dream.

LINES

WRITTEN IN A FRIEND'S ALBUM.

Among the scrolls of mighty deed,
One registers his name ;
Who, trembling, by the muse is led
Before the sons of Fame.

His mind as humble as his lay,
He hopes to be forgiven,
For venturing in this formal way
To such a splendid haven.

Here friendship's bark may furl her sails,
And safe at anchor ride ;
Shelter'd from stern misfortune's gales,
Nor fear the swelling tide.

In that frail bark I've often sail'd,
In quest of quiet port ;
But few, indeed, my bark have hail'd,
To which I could resort.

False friends, 'tis true, have oft essay'd,
To lure where rocks abound ;
And many fruitless efforts made
To run my bark aground.

But thro' the eddy and the shoal
I've borne my onward way ;
And here I rest in friendship's goal,
As happy as the day.

Accept then, friend, this humble meed,
In token of our love ;
A friendship not of word but deed,
Descending from above.

And should'st thou scan this tinted page,
When time's grey locks crown thee,
Oh! may these lines thy thoughts engage
In memory of me.

A DREAM.

When deep sleep falleth over mortal sight,
'Twas then it came in visions of the night
I dream'd a dream; but, oh! it chills my blood
To speak of that which then before me stood,
While I beheld eternity made bare
A cold damp stood upon my stiffen'd hair;
My body shook with tremors undefined,
And terror took possession of my mind.
It was a spirit stood before my face;
Its form but indistinctly I could trace,
For, ere I mark'd it, it began to fade,
And quickly mingled with surrounding shade.
But, as I lay, I heard, I know not whence,
A voice which broke the horrible suspense:
It cried, "Shall mortal man be thought more just
Than the great God who form'd him of the dust?
God, the most high, the very sun of light,
Before whose face the heavens are not bright,
And angels e'en unholy in his sight:"
To him much more unholy then are they
Whose breath, whose being, and whose end is clay.
Think, mortal man, of this, I pray you think,
Ere into the jaws of death you sink!
Hasten, I say, prepare you for that day
Which all must meet"—no more I heard it say,
But straight I woke, and, hastening to my pen,
Wrote down my dream to warn my fellow-men.

THY ABSENCE LONG.

Thy absence long, my love, hath been,
Oh, quick return, with smiling mien,
To grace this peaceful bower :
Fain would I fly into thine arms,
Again adore thy maiden charms,
And bless the happy hour. .

Thy charms, enchantress, do inspire
Pleasure, as sweet as Arion's lyre,
Which echoed through the sea ;
Then from thee, love, no more I'll part,
Thy absence pierces my fond heart,
Which ceaseless beats for thee.

THE ORPHAN.

No father have I, or mother, or friend,
Not one in the world on whom to depend ;
My covering the sky, the earth my cold bed,—
But I hallow the turf that pillows my head.

The birds that so early i'the morning appear,
And warble their notes all nature to cheer ;
The lark, as I watch him mount up to the sky,
All bid me upon Heaven's bounty rely.

And when I look there, contentment I learn ;
A providence, too, over all I discern ;
Nor can I e'er doubt that he will befriend,
Who overrules all from beginning to end.

For if for the birds he takes such great care,
He will not leave me thus wretched and bare;
But bread I shall have, and water to drink;
No,—he never will leave a poor orphan to sink.

Your charity, then, oh, bestow upon me,
And ever you'll find I grateful shall be;
Nor will Heaven forget to reward your kind deed,
To a poor orphan child who of pity hath need.

THE LOVE-SICK LOVER.

Anon a youth essays to pen a sonnet,
Hoping the gods may look upon it.
“Oh muses! ye celestial nine!
A suppliant bends before thy shrine;
Lifts his lyre, and begs from thee,
What thou alone canst give,—sweet poesy.
Assist him; aid thy votary now,
And chase the dullness from his brow.
Give him thy form the great design,
And let thy numbers now be mine:
Him who now sings, with harp new strung,
In strains of love, a theme tho' often sung:”
Aided by thee, oh heavenly nine,
Thus he poetizes (to himself) divine.
Then when he next in duty meets
Her who so honour'd him, as proudly greets,
Out pours the raptures of his breast—
Each lover's heart supremely bless'd—
Mingling the flowings of their soul:
Passion! where now is thy control?

THE SLUGGARD.

How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of sleep?—Prov. vi. 9.

I love to hear the sound of the lark,
From the meadows soaring so high,
Whilst enjoying a stroll in the park,
To which in the morning I hie.

But in slumber how many are lying
Long after the dawn of the sun;
And vain in their dreams they are trying
To do what they know should be done.

O sluggard, if but once you'd repair
Where nature's so fresh and so pure;
If but once you'd inhale the fresh air,
Early-rising you'd love, I am sure.

For once, then, I pray you arise,
And list to the sweet warbler's song
While abroad he so cheerfully flies,
And carols the branches among.

You're awake! why again close your eyes?
How loth you are, sluggard, to stir;
"A little more slumber," alas, he still cries,
"My couch to all else I prefer."

The ducks in the pond are all squabbling,
And the pigs, too, are rooting about;
The geese up the road are fast hobbling
To mock you for not turning out.

While the thrifty's at work in the field,
 Or walking to view his estate,
 No produce the sluggard's will yield,
 But poverty be his just fate.

But, no ! still to bed you are clinging,
 And to me you turn a deaf ear ;
 On yourself, by your sloth, you are bringing
 A sudden destruction, I fear.

I leave you to rise at your leisure,
 Sol's rays even dazzling your eyes ;
 If lying in bed be your pleasure,
 'Tis one I can only despise.

LINES

WRITTEN AT SCHOOL ON FINDING A HARE UNDER A
 WHIN.

" See, Geordie, lad ! what hae we here ?
 ' As sure as death,' 'tmaun be a hare ;
 I ken nae other beast its like ;
 Now ye just sleek aside the dyke."
 " Ut lad, yer daft it canna be,
 'Twad scamper o'er baith ye and me,
 But had yer whisht let's hae a keek."
 " Weel, had ye down, and dinna speak,
 Is't no ? or what the de'il is't ?"
 " Hae, Willie, that's a sonsie beast,
 Aiblins there may be a neast.
 I've got him, Willie, by the lugs ;
 He gied me, though, some awfu' tugs.
 Ut, come along, ye timerous beastie,
 Ye'll mak' us baith a bonnie feastie.
 Be still a wee, and dinna glowr,
 Ye maun be mine this very hour."

LINES

WRITTEN AT SCHOOL, IN 1827, UNDER A HAWTHORN
BUSH, ON THE BANKS OF THE TWEED, OPPOSITE
ABBOTSFORD, THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE SIR
WALTER SCOTT, BART.

"What clamorous throngs, what happy groups were seen,
In various postures, scattering o'er the green;
Some shoot the marble, others join the chase
Of self-made stag, or run the emulous race;
While others, seated on the dapple grass,
With doleful tale the light-wing'd minutes pass."

H. K. White.

Beneath this loved hawthorn, with sweet notes of wren,
I sit to amuse me with paper and pen,
 'Mid shouts of hallooing,
 The huntsmen pursuing,
My playfellow's game, call'd, "the tod and the den."

"Tally Ho," "Tally Ho," their inspiriting cry,
Hark! shrill sounds the horn, the dogs bark in reply;
 Yonder I hear the squall,
 Great, then, must be the fall,
No rescue for Reynard; alas, he must die!

Well, well, jovial huntsman, that's raced with the gale,
All heated and speechless, all weary and pale,
 Whilst I with my ink and pen,
 Join'd by the little wren,
Have just been composing,—I'll tell you the tale:—

Abbotsford! 'tis a noble sound;
Scott! where can thy like be found?
Thy novels and thy muckle hound
Are kenn'd alike to all around.

How oft in thy plantations wide,
Cloth'd in all their summer pride,
I've wander'd, Scott, whilst by my side
Tweed's crystal stream hath onward hied.

Sweet Tweed, thy banks wi' gowans glowing,
Yarrow and Allan to join thee flowing,
Sir Walter's in his fields a-mowing,
While Purday's o'er thy surface rowing.

In the jocund month of May,
When it was our holiday,
To Allan's stream we wend our way,
The "fairy-stones" to bear away.

The wind in the bushes whistling by,
And near me a thrush sings merrily ;
A lark from the plain ascending high,
As though his powers of flight he'd try.

'Tis the cloudless sun in the clear blue sky,
That calls the feather'd choir on high ;
Who, join'd by the Gala echoing nigh,
Are pouring forth their melody.

The sheep, O Tweed, graze on thy side,
And cattle drink thy flowing tide,
Where oft I've stood my line to guide,
Fishing for trout,—the angler's pride.

My little boat, without an oar,
Now see scudding the wind before ;
Oft, too, fair Tweed, I've skated o'er
Thy glassy verge, and Jenny's moor.

Beneath thy crystal tide I've laid
My youthful limbs, and in the shade
Of yonder thicket I have stray'd,
And on thy banks at shinty play'd.

ere, too, oft beneath the beam
 Sol's effulgent radiant gleam,
 'til'd by this bush, reposed in dream.
 y bonny Tweed, farewell, sweet stream.

E'EN THUS I FEEL.

winds are hushed, and through the cloudless sky
 ger thunders roll or lightning fly,
 lful pilot, on his native seas,
 essays to catch the lightsome breeze ;
 ds are there to swell the flapping sails,
 adful stillness o'er the deep prevails,
 ie scene changes, 'midst the sullen roar
 nding billows breaking on the shore.

an arrow darts or lightnings fly,
 id whirlwind rends the liquid sky ;
 vave on wave, like mountains huge are driven,
 m to threat the empyrean arch of heaven ;
 ls are shiver'd by the furious blast,
 hten'd cordage strains, the bending mast
 eaks ; the rudder too is cast away,
 is dire confusion and dismay.

as I feel, such are the griefs I bear,
 rm of passion and the clouds of care ;
 follow calm, with joy I dream of thee ;
 ake to mourn in sad reality ;
 e returning, with her golden smile,
 lms my anguish and my woes beguile.
 Leander fam'd in ancient lore,
 s I love, (at least could love no more.)

THE WOODMAN.

List to the woodman's whistling song,
As happily he plods along ;
Onward he wends his silent way
Long time before the break of day.
No bird he sees on bush or spray,
Nor lark to wake the sunny ray ;
No milkmaid, with her song and yoke,
Doth cheer him towards the aged oak.
Winter hath thrown his snowy veil
O'er all the flow'rets of the dale ;
E'en flocks and herds a hiding-place
Do seek from his bluff and boisterous face.
He heedeth not the bleaksome air
Whilst to his work he doth repair ;
No dread hath he, nor feels alarm,
His bill will shelter him from harm.
For he could weild it with due force,
If he were stay'd while on his course.
His mind is free from anxious thought,
So few his cares they tell for nought.
He works but for his daily bread ;
Wholesome his food and sweet his bed.
His faithful dog trots by his side,
In whom the woodman can confide ;
And when he rests beneath a tree
He'll lay him on his master's knee ;
Or while away he's working hard,
Poor honest Tray his meal will guard.
And when his daily labour's o'er
He hails once more his cottage door ;
His wife and bairns with gladness meets,
Whilst each their honour'd parent greets.
They sup, and while away the time
Until the curfew-bell doth chime ;

And then he kneels upon the floor,
Nightly Heaven's blessing to implore.
O, bless'd contentment ! happy they
Who pass their life in such a way.
May I have strength my toils to bear,
Nor ever lack a homely fare.
For 'tis not riches that can give
Contentment while on earth we live :
But health it is that sweetens life,
A mind at ease and free from strife.
Then let me from the woodman learn
From useless care at once to turn ;
And trust in God who will supply
The wants of those who look on high.

A VALENTINE.

In youth we have wander'd,
In youth we have stray'd,
In youth, yes, my dearest,
So innocent play'd.
In youth we have lived, but
At sly Cupid's shrine ;
And still do I find thee
My own Valentine.

In rapture I gaze, love,
Upon thy known worth ;
And live but to love thee,
An angel on earth.
Believe me, enchantress,
I'll prove ever thine ;
And boast, as I toast thee,
" My own Valentine."

THE LOVER'S RESOLVE.

There was, I fancied, woman's heart
 Was soft and true and true;
 And that, ere Cupid's dart,
 In her love had begun.

Thus oft I wrote, and spoke, and thought,
 Of woman, man's best friend;
 Until, her name I sought,
 My song's story to end.

Then, when I found it is for me
 To choose me for my own;
 The one I chose, you soon shall see
 How quick her love had grown.

We met; our hearts as one were bound;
 We heaved a longing sigh
 For time to haste his lagging round
 The marriage knot to tie.

But, oh! love's green and sapless leaf
 Faded, as leaves will fade;
 Like April sun, alas! 'twas brief,—
 I was jilted by the maid!

Had all the world but her been shy,
 And bade me keep my distance,
 'Twould not so much my temper try
 As this sweet girl's resistance.

Now all my plans are set aside,
 My letters lie neglected;
 And by her will I must abide,
 On whom my hopes had rested.

But why am I refused ? dear girl,
Oh hear my humble prayer ;
Ne'er 'gainst my suit your fury hurl,
For all my doting care.

You know I love you ; " Well, what then ?"
(You speedily reply),
" You are but like the rest of men,
Whose love as visions fly."

Oh, cruel girl ! why look so cold ?
You need not thus retort ;
In words my love can ne'er be told,
It's of no common sort.

My all is blasted by your frown,
This world affords no hope ;
Should you your suppliant disown,
How can I 'gainst it cope ?

But, no ; self-doom'd I will not be,
For a faithless lover ;
Perchance myself I yet may see,
Made happy by another.

From morn till night I'll work away,
With all my might and main ;
And thou shalt hear that every day
Does but increase my gain.

And when I've fill'd my coffers all,
My storehouse and my barn ;
On some fair maid of worth I'll call,
And proffer her my arm.

To church we'll go, right merrily,
Rejoicing all the way ;
Nor shall this bosom heave a sigh
For her who bade me " Nay."

Now, with this prospect full in view,
No more I'll sigh or sorrow;
But onward press, the end persue,
And think *not* of the morrow.

Then farewell, maiden, fare thee well,
I wish thee every joy;
And when of you I hear them tell,
It shall not me annoy.

But merrily, yea, right merrily,
I'll pass away my life;
Nor think again, no, verily,
Of her I wish'd to wife.

THE LADY'S RETALIATION.

Reply I must to what you've said
Concerning her you wish to wed,
In rhyme, as well as you.
On my Pegasus I will soar,
Tell you in verse my plans in store,
And what you ought to do.

So now my friend I will begin
By first reciting how I'd win
A maiden young and fair;
By opening all my heart, you're sure,
Her confidence I would allure,
And her affections rare.

With teeth well set and polish'd bright,
My collar starch'd and lily white,
A watch, too, by my side;

And risbands of my shirt in view,
With figured vest and coat quite new,
I'd dress to win a bride.

Macassar's oil I'd freely use,
With Warren's jet I'd black my shoes,
My hands with rings array ;
Thus my exterior complete,
I'd haste away my dear to meet,
Nought should my footsteps stay.

And when I met her, oh, dear me !
In extasy she'd surely be,
And show a colour too.
Her smitten heart would quickly rise
To be possess'd of such a prize
As I'd present to view.

And when I spoke, in choicest strain,
She'd ask me to repeat again
Those words so sweet and kind ;—
At once my fortune I would try,
Ay, and with a deep-drawn sigh,
I'd tell her all my mind.

Save I was spruce as a new-made pin,
I need not tell how I tried to win
Her whom I loved so strong.
Suffice it then for me to say
She really did not bid me "Nay,"
Nor think I did her wrong.

Thus sweetly pass'd a month or two,
While I continued her to woo,
And all but had my prize ;
When all at once, ay, womanlike,
She vow'd no more to me she'd write,
Nor see me with her eyes.

Well, lack-a-day ! all's up, thought I,
And she'd not even tell me why ;
 'Tis truly very hard.
But stay awhile, I'll never fret,
My heart upon another I will set,
 This false one I'll discard.

FARE THEE WELL.

We meet to part ; sad tale to tell,
 'Mid throng'd emotions of the breast ;
For 'tis this bidding thee farewell
 That robs me of my peace and rest.

If to love thee be a grave offence,
 Tell me, that I may know my fate ;
And then at once I'll wander hence,
 And, if I can, thy name I'll hate.

But yet I cannot let thee go,
 Though all around forbid my claim ;
Too true it is, I love thee so,
 To win thee long has been my aim.

We'll part, but only for a time ;
 Say, wilt thou meet me once again ?
Then, then !—ah, this is but a rhyme,
 I fain would say t'abandon pain.

Thus for a while, then, fare thee well ;
 Methinks there's happiness in store !
All other thoughts I will dispel,
 Until I see thee, love, once more.

NEIGHBOUR FROST.

Somehow, neighbour Frost, you and I don't agree,
Though ofttimes I've met you in mirth and in glee;
Your nippings and twinges I cannot endure,
And these horrible chilblains no cerate will cure.

When a youngster I've hurried away to the slide,
And if any one sought me I've attempted to hide;
Then up you would trip me, 'mid shouting and glee,
My head coming thump 'gainst the stump of a tree.

I've pelted my playmates with snowballs, 'tis true,
For which in return they have given me two;
Then down they would roll me and give me a drubbing,
With thy snowy mantle my face the while rubbing.

Once, too, I remember, whilst learning to skate,
You sily, neighbour Frost, took it into your pate
To give me a ducking; and thought it rare fun
To hear the ice cracking and see the boys run.

But to me, I assure you, 'twas not very nice
To find my head bobbing up and down breaking the ice;
Nor, after my rescue, you frigid old host,
To be frozen instant as stiff as a post.

On reaching the schoolhouse I was bundled to bed,
For fear I should take a bad cold in my head;
Then they drench'd me with gruel (than this what is worse),
"Not a word, Sir,—'tis all for your good," said the nurse.

Since then I've grown up, and from home travell'd far,
But ne'er could escape from bad colds and catarrh;
Tho' flannell'd within and wrap-rascall'd without,
You have managed to seize me, you shivering lout.

Nay, tho' from your friendship I'd e'en stand aloof,
Against your advances no one can be proof;
For Jeffrey's Respirators and Mackintosh cloaks
Are treated by you, Sir, as so many jokes.

'Neath cloaks and fur tippets you'll pop up your head,
And e'en follow the warming-pan into the bed;
And where'er there's a building that's heated with air,
Neighbour Frost, you're the first to poke your nose ther'

How much you delight, too, in a black London fog,
Making every one bark like a household dog;
And to tempt the raw Cockneys to skate in the parks,
That you may see them fish'd up, is one of your larks.

Next-of-kin to grim death you delight in disease;
And the tear of compassion I've known you to freeze;
Like him, too, you regard neither station or lot,
For the palace you visit as well as the cot.

This winter you're touching my breath, you old pest;
I'm pill'd and warm-plaster'd for a pain at the chest;
And the doctor's impatient rat-tat-tat at the door
Frightens even the children at play on the floor.

One tells me I've asthma, which nothing can cure
But a bed in the country and an atmosphere pure;
Whilst another, pretending to a little more gumption,
Shakes his head and declares that I'm in a consumption.

A joke now and then, Sir, I don't take amiss;
But the long and the short of the matter is this—
If you sky-lark so often you'll soon do for me,
So this, Sir, is the reason we cannot agree.

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

Parted we are my dearest friend,
No longer can we roam ;
Our fellowship is at an end,
And all the sports of home.

No new companion can I find
Faithful and kind as you ;
For you possess a noble mind,
And your affection's true.

How merrily we used to tread
The fields and lanes together ;
How often have we cheerful sped,
Not heeding wind or weather.

Many the thoughts would then crowd round
Our hearts, each to be told ;
We listen'd to the reasons sound,
As each grew warm and bold.

And when by troubles we were press'd,
Our grief we ran to tell,
And learn what each for each thought best
His sorrow to dispel.

But, ah ! those happy days are fled,
No comforter have I ;
In solitude the fields I tread,
Alone I'm left to sigh.

I muse upon what used to be,—
'Tis all that I can do ;
Tho' oft I hope we yet shall see
Each other's face anew.

Till then, farewell, my faithful friend ;
To heaven I thee confide ;
Thither my prayers shall oft ascend
For thee, my trusty guide.

To keep thee from the ills of life,
The perils of the sea ;
And discord of unfriendly strife,
That happy you may be.

Then still, once more, I'll say, " farewell ;"
But, should we meet again,
I'll tell you what 't isn't meet to tell
By tell-tale ink and pen.

I FEEL THE GLOW.

The wind is calm, and mild the air,
And smoothe the limpid stream ;
The night is bright, the forest fair,
Beneath the silvery beam.
Among the shadowy woods afar
Doth lie the well-known way ;
O love, do thou my footsteps guide,
And lead me not astray.

I feel the glow upon my cheek,
I'll hum in merry tone ;
Yet shame and fear alternate speak,
Why wander, youth, alone ?
The thought is quell'd, for love is free ;
And pure as the air of heaven ;
This night my troth shall plighted be,
My hand to her be given.

MORNING.

When morning breaks forth from the eastern skies,
Night's sable covering from the earth soon flies ;
'Tis then you behold all nature is gay,
Enliven'd from heaven by the sun's warm ray.
The gentle dew, distilling o'er the field,
Prepares each germ its produce ripe to yield.
The flowers with fragrance fill the balmy air,
And flocks and herds bespeak their Maker's care.
Then in the morning let our praise ascend,
And at His footstool may we humbly bend ;
Who, like a giant, sendeth forth the sun
Around earth's orb his daily race to run ;
And, as he travels through the bright-blue sky,
Scattereth life's blessings plenteously.

EVENING.

The setting sun proclaims the darkness near,
And day far spent retires into the rear :
We look abroad, but shadows fill the space,
And nought of verdant nature can we trace.
The moon and stars, bright rulers of the night,
Around us pour their soft and lambent light ;
Their presence lulls the weary to repose,
Soothes the sick heart and softens human woes.
Oh how I love to contemplate the hand
Which could those bright and spangled heavens expand.
How great the power, how vast the skill
Of Him who rules the planets at his will.
Then let each heart in gratitude be led
To God, who for mankind hath spread
The heavens above,—the earth on which we tread. }
O may I ever live to speak his praise,
And consecrate to him my lengthen'd days.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MY BROTHER ON THE EXAMINATION
AT GALASHIELS ACADEMY, NORTH BRITAIN, 1827.

When a' dress'd in our Sunday claithe,
An' drivin' down the parritch, Ted,
Spiering wha wad win or lowse,
'Twas a' to gie us courage, Ted.

Some gaed here an' some gaed there.
An' others to their studies, Ted ;
Their shame was waur than yerkin then,
For they were complete cuddies, Ted.

Aiblins ye will mind it a'
As weel as I can tell ye, Ted ;
An' Baitie when he gied's a ca'
The scrambling that befell me, Ted.

When on his cuddie we were baith,
Its ribs how we did rattle, Ted ;
When 't saw Baitie it warnie laith
To fling us 'mong the nettles, Ted.

E'en now methinks I hear the bell
That ca'd us a' thegither, Ted ;
When in the schill auld Fysh wad tell
Us to behave us better, Ted.

And then the grand folk, they'd come in,
An' at 'em how we'd glowr, Ted ;
An' then the classes they'd begin,
An' we'd a' look sae dour, Ted.

An' Fysh wad say, " Just onie place
The callants they can read it," Ted ;
We kenn'd fu' weel just at ae place
He'd gar'd us learn and read it, Ted.

An' that fu' weel we kenn'd by heart,
If others us had needed, Ted ;
To read from any other part,
Why, guilty he maun pleaded, Ted.

But it sae happened weel for us,
Nae other they wad ask us, Ted ;
Pleased for himsel' an' pleased for us,
He kenn'd fu' weel 'twad task us, Ted.

When a' were ower they gied's a prayer,
Lang as my arm, an' langer, Ted,
To keep us out o' evil snare,
An' mak' us a' feel stronger, Ted.

An' then there comes an unco treat,
To haud awa to dinner, Ted ;
They gied us water wi' our meat,
An' kail, too, somewhat thinner, Ted.

At shinty, then, which waur our play,
We'd skelp the ba' an' dowl it, Ted ;
An' then to bed we'd haud away,
The same I'm now about it, Ted.

THE WIDOW.

While dire affliction spreads her cheerless gloom,
And all around looks comfortless and drear,
Still may one kindly spark the void illumine,
And far disperse the dark'ning clouds of care ;
Hough, like the widow'd dove, thy partner dear
Hath fallen lamented to an early doom,
His last sufferings sympathy's sweet tear
Smoothed the rough passage to the dreary tomb.

Think, weeping widow, of the many slain
Upon the battle-field, bedew'd with gore;
No friendly hand to ease their dying pain,
Or comfort bring them in that dreadful hour;
Or think on those submerged beneath the wave,
Their trembling bark wreck'd on some foreign shore;
Whilst they, unpitied, meet a watery grave,—
Ah! think upon their fate, and weep no more.

I mourn'd a mother, who, in youth's gay bloom,
Fell, like a rose upon its parent-bed,
Into the drear and solitary tomb,
Her freshness wither'd and her beauty fled.
But let not sorrow more our spirits mar;
Religion to our hearts hath kindly given
A ray of hope,—faith's bright morning star,
Pointing to our lost friends in heaven.

SONNET.

Sweet are the dewdrops,—those gems of the morning,
Like diamonds they sparkle in the rays of the sun;
And sweet are the violets, the meadows adorning,
The children how happy among them they run.
But the flower of all which most I admire,
The lass that I love is away from me far;
Yes, the brightest of dewdrops which most I desire,
Is a charming young maiden, of women the star.
How sweet were the hours, until we were parted,
We walk'd and we talk'd so loving and true;
And now she's away I'm nigh broken-hearted,
And cannot my labours or studies pursue,
But should she return once again to my arms,
Most loudly I'll sing in praise of her charms.

THE VOICE OF LOVE.

Hark ! oh, hark ! a voice I hear,
Soft, melodious, 'tis, and clear ;
Tho' in distance far away,
'Tis my lover's roundelay ;
And if it be she'll not refuse
To listen to my trembling muse ;
Although I sing a tale of woe,
Such as only lovers know.

I know she rests within the bower,
Behind that old and stately tower ;
But her sweet voice will lead me on,
My only pilot is her song.
'Midst clust'ring trees, oh, fairy power !
Help me in this, my anxious hour,
That I by her may welcome be,
This, this be my felicity.

Uncall'd for, lady, here I stand,
Asking your heart and milk-white hand ;
With riches, too, in truth I vow,
I will my ladye-love endow ;
For all the lands around this spot
By death have fallen to my lot.
But if 'tis riches of the mind,
E'en these I humbly hope you'll find.

And I possess a heart most true
For her I love, and that is you.
Oh, do not, then, thy suitor spurn,
But towards him now in pity turn.
Thanks, gracious lady, for that look,
Its meaning I have not mistook ;
Its glance with joy hath fill'd my soul,
It tells me I have reach'd love's goal.

LINES

IN ANSWER TO MISS AGNES CLIFFORD'S SONG, "THEY
WILL NOT PROPOSE."

Oh ! what must I do ?
What method pursue ?
* Advise me ye Belles ! I have plenty of Beaux,
Who all come and dine,
And drink Papa's wine,
And yet—would you think it ?—Not one will propose.
Miss Agnes Clifford.

Miss Clifford believe me,
Thy fears do deceive thee ;
Now a secret I have to disclose ;—
The path I pursue
Is in quest of you,
Dear Agnes,—I wish to propose.

I'll not only dine,
And drink your Pa's wine,
But heighten the mirth as it flows ;
I'll join in the glee,
Be merry and free,—
But to thee—I mean to propose.

Your Ma' gives consent,
Oh, do not relent,
But assuage the passion which glows :
For I seek, love, in vain
Relief from my pain,
Till, Agnes, to you—I propose.

My love I would plight,
My hopes do not blight,
What I say is under the rose,
Where Cupid will rove,
In the garden of love,
There to thee,—oh let me propose.

For thou art the flower;
Adorning the bower
Where oft I recline to repose ;
When awake from the dream
How lonely I seem,
Thou art absent—I cannot propose.

Dear Agnes this breast
Knows no quiet rest ;
As a river to the ocean flows,
I fondly turn to thee ;
When shall I happy be ?
Oh, never,—till I may propose.

Yes, Agnes, I'll prove
My unchangeable love,
'Midst life's varied pleasures and woes ;
E'en the bud in its bloom
Points to joy that's to come,
To thy youth, then—oh, let me propose.

I bend to thy shrine,
Say, wilt thou be mine ?
The secret, dear Agnes, disclose ;
Hearts so link'd together
Death only could sever.
Oh when shall I to thee propose ?

Nay,—no longer demur
To the suit I prefer ;
But lull my suspense in repose ;
To the priest let us hie,
The marriage knot tie,
Our union who then dare oppose ?

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND ON HIS ATTAINING HIS
MAJORITY.

One-and-twenty summers fleeting,
Like a passing dream have fled,
Since with joy kind nature greeting,
Raised thy tender little head.

When an infant, calmly sleeping
On thy anxious mother's breast,
With affection, o'er thee weeping,
She would hush thee off to rest.

Oh! since then, what joy and sorrow,
Hope and fear thy lot hath been ;
Ever dreaming of the morrow,—
Brighter days thou ne'er hast seen.

What is life?—'tis but a bubble,
Floating down the rapid stream ;
And our days are full of trouble,
Ending as a fitful dream.

Here to-day,—and then to-morrow
We no more on earth appear ;
Soon our friends are left to sorrow,
And to drop affection's tear.

Like the orient tints of morning,
Brighter seems thy future day ;
Nature's hand thy mind adorning,
Points to happiness the way.

And when life's sunshine fast is fading,
Death shall still thy throbbing breast,
As the sun, at close of evening,
May you calmly sink to rest.

I FONDLY TURN TO THEE.

As turns the needle to the Pole,
 When billows o'er the vessel roll,
 And angry looks the sea ;
 So when with cruel fate oppress'd,
 And sorrows rend my throbbing breast,
 I fondly turn to thee ;
 And, through the deepening gloom from far,
 Thy friendship glimmers like a star.

Though all around is blackest night,
 I fix mine eye upon that light,
 And hail its steady beam.
 With joy like mine, at close of day
 The trav'ler, on his homeward way,
 Marks well the taper's gleam,
 Lighting his weary footsteps there,
 Where dwell his wife and children dear.

LINES

SEEING TWO CHILDREN PLAYING TOGETHER, AND
 SHOWING GREAT AFFECTION FOR EACH OTHER.

A lovely sight this is to see,
 Worthy the gods above ;
 How different it appears to me,
 To earthborn, sordid love.
 Thro' those sparkling eyes you trace
 Affection pure and true ;
 And see you not, around that face,
 A sweet and heavenly hue ?

Sincerity is there I know,
And love without disguise ;
Would that all lovers, too, were so
Transparent in our eyes.

But soon as age succeeds to youth,
Base interest takes the place ;
And what was innocence and truth
Puts on another face.

Oh that the world would still love on,
From youth to age the same ;
Sincerity be all their song,
And not an empty name.

And now, my reader, learn from this,
Where nature points the way ;
In heaven-born love alone is bliss,
And ne'er will it betray.

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

Loveliest flower on the plain,
Let not a lover plead in vain ;
Sure there is pity in thy breast
To lull this aching heart to rest.
Leave it not oppress'd with fears,
For who can count a lover's tears ?
In sleep wild dreams their influence shed,
By fancy thro' those paths I'm led,
Where I would fain my lady see,
And by her side thrice happy be.
But in a moment all is o'er,
I wake, wishing to tell her more ;—
My lady's gone, with all her charms,
And I, despairing, fold my arms

Once more to sleep, hoping it would bring
Those happy moments back again.
I pray thee, then, fair lady, turn,
And suffer not my heart to burn ;
Those killing looks,—that scornful eye,—
The formal sentence,—cold reply,—
Oh, these forbear, nor leave forlorn
A heart with disappointment torn.
If I'm unworthy of thy love,
Say how my merit I can prove.
Tell me with what you'd wish me part
To gain possession of thine heart.
Then to thy hand let me aspire,
For thou'rt, my heart's supreme desire.
And sure I am that time will prove
I'm not unworthy of thy love.

FAREWELL.

When the lover's hand waves a farewell
To the form which in distance has vanish'd,
It speaks what the lips cannot tell,
It utters the soul of the banish'd.

What words prove the bosom so true,
From the warm lips of eloquence leaping,
As that silent, that tearful adieu,
When expression in sorrow lies sleeping.

For forgetfulness where shall I range ?
On the wind as a wither'd leaf sailing ;
Thy image I strive to estrange,
But my efforts are still unavailing.

MAY-DAY IN THE VILLAGE.

Hail, beauteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire,
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee and wish thee long.

Milton.

Blow ye winds a gentle breeze
Whilst jocund May appears ;
This merry gala-day we'll seize,
And "three times" give her cheers.

With garlands fresh at early dawn
The village maids are crown'd,
Brushing the dew from off the lawn
As t'wards the spot they bound.

The merry bells are ringing,
The village round looks gay,
The damsels fair are singing,
In honour of May-day.

The children all are swinging
Upon the village green ;
The showmen, too, are bringing
Such sights as ne'er were seen.

The May-pole standeth high,
Adorn'd with choicest flowers,
Lads and lasses to it hie
From out their rustic bowers.

Hand join'd in hand the May-pole round,
They each in step advance,
And to the music's stirring sound
They dance a Morris dance.

Whilst the men and maidens all
Right merrily do sing;
Determined to keep up the ball
They make the valleys ring.

With three times we'll crown our joys,
And three times three again;
Then three times three, hurrah, my boys,
For merry May shall reign!

DAYS GONE BY.

CONTRIBUTED TO AN ALBUM.

Still do I think on days gone by,
Those happy hours that you and I
Have pass'd together;
Those harmless games, in youthful pride,
Which cheer'd our moments as we hied
Among the heather.

Methinks, e'en now, that, hand in hand,
We roam on friendship's cheering strand,
As oft lang syne
We roam'd; though now we troubles know,
Which then experience could not show
As thine or mine.

Those faithful friends,—our friends of old,
Are still our friends;—the church-yard cold
Shall close for ever
O'er thee and me, ere we forget
The bright example which they set.
Forget them? never!

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MY BROTHER ON KEEPING HAVY
HOME AT DAISYMEAD FARM, DURING HIS HOLIDAY

Hail! sober morn, she smiles aloud,
Come, haste thee, Ted, away;
Take dog and gun, and join the crowd
Upon this gala-day.

Enjoy, my lad, the fresh'ning breeze,
With rural sport and fun;
Pop off the sparrows from the trees,
With the double-barrell'd gun.

These jocund hours your thoughts how free,
Time heedless rolls along;
Yet you would think it better spree,
Could I but join the song.

Such games, my boy, and school-day fun,
With me, alas! are o'er;
With you they're only just begun,
A rich and mirthful store.

But while upon each holiday
You throw your books aside,
And heedless romp and sportive play,
Let learning be your pride.

'Tis hard, I know, to stick to books
In boyhood's thoughtless days;
If set his tasks he angry looks,
And no attention pays.

But, Ted, do thou in youth attend
To wisdom's faithful voice;
She'll prove thy best and truest friend,
And make thee to rejoice.

When from the portals of the school
Into the world you pass,
You'll not be branded as a fool,
Or written down an ass.

THE BEE.

Intruder! pray who sent for thee?
'Tis you I mean, thou busy bee.
No sooner here I sit me down
Than I incur your 'vengeful frown.
My head, or face, or neck you'll sting,
And on the instant take the wing.
And thus, without a judge or jury,
For fault unknown I bear your fury.
Now, for the future, recollect,
From you I will myself protect;
Upon no ceremony stand,
But take the law in my own hand.
Your well-fill'd hives shall not atone,
If still to mischief you are prone.
So if you'd save yourself and race
You'll learn to know and keep your place.
I like to see you blythe and gay
While buzzing in the sun's bright ray,
Or, when stooping down to sip
The sweets from off the blossoms' lip;
For when you are so well employ'd
No passer-by can be annoy'd.
Thus usefully devote your time,
And you will ne'er fall into crime;
Gaily you'll spend your summer hour,
Your winter crown with richest dower.

THE FEMALE SAILOR.

Mischievous Cupid, why impart
Such feelings to a maiden's heart?
Why steal'st thou thus the life and soul,
And leav'st the maid without control
To seek her love ; 'mid raging seas,
To brave the battle and the breeze,
As one who'd baffled many a gale,
No stranger to the reefing sail?
But when, poor girl, she'd cross'd the sea,
Hoping her lover there might be,
With broken heart she heard them say
They'd buried, on a former day,
A youth who answer'd to the name ;
" Indeed," she cried, " it is the same ;
It is my lover of the deep
That 'neath the sod you've laid asleep."
Then, shrieking loud, she downward fell,
Leaving the strangers this to tell ;
And then to bury, side by side,
The youthful sailor and his bride.

AWAKE, MY LOVE.

Awake, arise, with footsteps fleet
We'll flee beyond the reach of danger ;
Thou art a magnet to my feet,
And I to thee, my love, no stranger.

See ! yonder lies a little boat,
Conceal'd beneath the bending rushes,
One touch, it is again afloat,
And swiftly now the current gushes.

But, ah ! it is not sleep I fear,
That makes me not at once obey'd ;
'Tis cold indifference shuts thine ear ;
I go,—sleep on, my cruel maid.

Alas ! to flee I have not power,
My limbs their friendly aid refuse ;
Awake, my love, this very hour,—
A happier one we could not choose.

A DREAM.

I used to think that mountains to the eye,
Cold, lofty, distant, towering to the sky,
Might be made little ; and reversed in dream
A brook which swells into a mighty stream ;
The grass that on its banks in clusters stood
Imagination formed into a wood ;
Whilst a huge mountain in a balance weigh'd,
Into a mole-hill was by fancy made.
But no ! there it continues still to frown,
And I could elevate but not pull down.
And I rejoiced not that these fabrics dim
Were wanting to convince my soul of Him
Who is eternal, or to put my mind
Upon a search his origin to find ;—
But here I seem'd to have a giant thought
In a material shape before me brought.
To stand in raptures and to fix our looks
On what we've only read in fairy books ;
Something of earth yet rising up betwixt
The earth and heaven, in ether's nature mix'd.
A fragment of the olden age divine,
Gazing from out the chilly mists of time.

FAREWELL TO THE VILLAGE.

Farewell to the village, the scene of my birth,
The loveliest of spots I e'er trod upon earth ;
When thy beauties I think on my bosom doth swell.
Ah ! scenes of my youth, Fare ye well, fare ye well !

There's the old village church, with ivy grown o'er,
With its steeple which seems to heaven to soar ;
The church-yard, where friends and companions are laid,
The debt of stern nature each one having paid.

Here many a Sunday I've spent half the day
In tracing the records of human decay ;
And oft whilst lamenting my kindred departed,
I've turn'd from their graves well nigh broken-hearted.

By each villager, too, I am known and beloved,
And by many mementoes their attachment they've proved ;
Our highdays together in frolic and fun,
So oft we have spent, and for wagers we've run.

But the girl I adore I am leaving behind ;
She's my heart's own desire, so loving and kind.
Ah ! who, when I'm gone, her sorrows can cheer ?
Oh ! my heart it will break to part from my dear.

Farewell village streams, willows weeping around ;
Ye sweet blooming valleys with foliage crown'd ;
Farewell thou old church, and farewell to thy people,
Farewell to thy clerk, and farewell to thy steeple.

Farewell, beauteous maid, on thine image I'll gaze,
Beguiling the dulness of my long absent days ;
I'll muse on thy virtues which no language can tell,
Thou fairest of flowers, fare thee well, oh, farewell.

LOVE.

Creation's master, love, come prithee bind
Thy silken bands upon this willing mind ;
Exert thy pleasing tyranny o'er me ,
If this is bondage, who would then be free ?
Thy captive's echo'd footsteps are his sighs ;
His limits lie within his loved one's eyes,
From whose bright bounds he has no wish to flee,
E'en could he regain his liberty.
Her smiles his only glimpse of earth and air ;
His chains the flowing tresses of his lady fair ;
Her countenance the sun of all his hopes and fears.
Beneath whose beams he'd linger out his years.
O love ! within thy prison none but freemen dwell ;
The bondsmen they who are debarr'd thy cell.

ECHO.

I call'd upon the lone hill side,
When to my voice a sound replied ;
I heard it, as I list'ning stood,
Softly murmuring through the wood.
Down the valley, o'er the hill,
Yonder do I hear it still ;
Through, amid, the leafy grove,
Fairylke 'tis wont to rove.
Floating onward far from me,
Still it answereth playfully ;
Let me, echo, hear thee still,
When softly flows the gentle rill ;
When summer's evenings, blythe and gay,
With feather'd warblers on each spray ;
And by the fragrant flow'ry vale,
The maid awaits her lover's tale,—

He, whose heart elate would tell
The tale of truth and love so well,
That all his hopes are centred there,
In her his all, his idol dear,—
Then let me hear thy pleasing sound
When everything is calm around,
As we, o'er Flora's carpet spread,
By love, from mead to mead, are led.
Whate'er we say, I ask no more,
Repeat those accents o'er and o'er.
Ah! once again, from thee a word,
Let this my parting lay be heard;
Sweet voice of forest, wood, and dell,
I bid thee now farewell—FAREWELL.

FLOWERETS.

Flow'rets, in your varied hue,
Sings my sadden'd heart of you;
Deeply there thy forms are set,
Like leaves around the violet.

Briers, briers, ye I greet,
Casting forth your fragrance sweet;
Like a modest blushing face
Spreading round a heavenly grace.

Roses, roses, in their bloom,
Speak of love and joy to come;
But, when wither'd by the blast,
Are pleasures emblems of the past.

Lilies, lilies, bright and gay,
Tell of beauty's spotless ray;
Lilies, lilies, pale and wan,
Speak of beauty when 'tis gone.

Tulips, tulips, gaudy rays,
Types of splendour's transient blaze,
Without the rose's sweet perfume,
When thou hast lost thy showy bloom.

Violets, violets, dark and blue,
Sprinkled o'er with pearly dew,
Did ne'er to me so rich appear
As pity's eye, dimm'd with a tear.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

My heart is sair, I darena tell,
My heart is sair for somebody.

Burns.

The chair placed by my side
I gaze on with a sigh;
'Twas set there for my bride,—
But, ah! she is not nigh.
Tho' all the table circle round
In social mirth and glee,
My love is nowhere to be found
To share the festivity.

My heart is sad, I cannot laugh,
For thoughts that o'er me steal;
The jovial cup I cannot quaff,
Nor join the merry reel.
If but my fair one thou wert here
To grace this vacant chair;
Or even from thee I could hear,
My heart would na be sair.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

He who loves not his country, loves nothing.

Byron.

How sweet when stretch'd the pressing sail,
Each headland cape to round ;
To call to memory some fond tale
Of love, as we're homeward bound.
Blow, sweeping winds, a favouring breeze,
O'er trackless deeps around,
Whilst jovial on we plough the seas
For England,—homeward bound.

Through day's bright beams we onward bear,
And e'en night's shades profound
Has charms to soothe a wanderer's care,
When steering homeward bound.
In storm, in calm, 'tis sunny sky,
On deck one hears the sound
Of joy and mirthful harmony
From those who're homeward bound.

THE STAG.

When winter's veil was spread around,
I heard the huntsman's bugle sound ;
Collecting to the starting post
Of men and dogs a goodly host.
Off quickly speed the yelling hound,
While over hedge and ditch they bound.
Anon the hunters, fleet and true,
The timorous stag at once pursue ;

Who, hard press'd, before them flew ;
Till, doubting what 'twere best to do,
He rush'd into a stable door,
And threw himself upon the floor ;
Where, panting and half-dead with fear,
He wept (for beasts can shed a tear).
Just then I heard the huntsmen say,
" Turn out the stag "—" keep him at bay."
With innocence the stag's eyes beam'd
Around, and earnestly they seem'd
To say, " Oh, knew I where to hie,
That I might unmolested die ;
'Twere better I had ne'er been born
Than live to be by huntsmen torn."
Then archly bidding them " good day,"
It bounded off and led the way.

THE SKY-LARK.

See yon lark, at blush of morn,
Rising from the yellow corn ;
Soaring high on downy wing,
At heaven's golden gate to sing.

Aloud it calls the feather'd choir,
Each charm of nature to admire ;
Bids man awake, his eyes uncloze,
And rise from slumber's soft repose.

Now, melting into air, sweet bird,
Thy pretty note no more is heard ;
Again, descending from the cloud,
I hear thy warble sweet and loud.

Mark the flutter of the wing,
 The simple and modest motioning;
 See ! like a stone it doth descend,
 And for a time its note will end.

SCANDAL.

Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints,
 With all the kind mendacity of hints;
 While mingling truth with falsehood, sneers with smiles,
 A thread of candour with a web of wiles.

Byron.

What ! from no reputation could ye carve
 The daily bread without which women starve ?
 Till scandal of the restless load was eased,
 Even in inquiries hunger's half appeased.
 Has no one slipp'd who once was quite a saint ?
 No lady's bloom turn'd out to be but paint ?
 Nor she a meek and loving wife who dares
 At once to break her husband's head and chairs;
 Or snatch the china dragon from the shelf,
 And vent her wrath in porcelain and delf ?
 No rout, with its gay train of pretty dears,
 Where ladies' eyes shine bright as chandeliers ?
 No lover of an hour, no host of friends,
 Whom introduction, waltz, and farewell ends ?
 No female correspondent of a week,
 Whose love not an eternity can speak ?
 Is there no new Lititia or Sophia
 In whose defence her lover is on fire ?
 Nought new in prose ? nor yet by poet sung ?
 This ; that's the best book of the English tongue,
 Of which fools talk till common sense is dumb,
 And know not then their skimmings are but scum.

FAREWELL TO ———.

With morrow's dawn
I leave this lawn,
No longer can I stay ;
But willing go,
For't must be so,—
Yes, yes, I must away.

The gentle breeze,
The waving trees,
Make one harmonious song ;
The babbling brook,
The shepherd's crook,
All beckon me along.

The garden, too,
As deck'd anew,
With budding, blooming flowers,
Remind me, love,
When we did rove
Together many hours.

Yon peeping moon
Comes not too soon
To kiss the ebbing tide ;
For 'tis the time,
By the ev'ning chime,
When forth my love will glide.

Hist ! do I hear
The girl most dear
Of all on earth to me ?
It is her song,
I'll haste along,
Her lovely form to see.

Then I'll not sigh
For days gone by,
When we were young and true ;
Again we're met,
Our hearts are set
Our first love to renew.

Arm lock'd in arm,
With words we charm,
And sighs both loud and long ;
Now from the lip
Love's honey sip,
Or sing an amorous song.

Ah ! this is bliss,
To steal a kiss,
And welcome thee again !
Oh, happy hour,
In this loved bower
To be thus bless'd of men.

But we must part ;—
It grieves my heart
From thee, my love, to go.
Yet, stay ! for why
Thus heave the sigh ?
Maiden, why weep'st thou so ?

Within a year
I'll see thee dear,
And we shall wedded be ;
Then, till that day,
Be blythe and gay,
Thinking of love and me.

LINES

WRITTEN ON VIEWING THREE PICTURES OF THE
BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR, PAINTED BY W. J. HUGGINS,
ESQ., FOR HIS LATE MAJESTY WILLIAM IV., THE
FIRST REPRESENTING THE FLEET BEFORE ACTION,
THE SECOND THE ACTION, THE THIRD THE STORM
AFTER THE ACTION.

" England expects that every man will do his duty."

Thy pictures, Huggins, are a master-piece !
And, while we gaze upon thy glowing canvas,
The forms thou there hast pencil'd stand forth
In bold relief like living statues. Nay,
As we gaze, the feasting eye doth warm the soul,
And kindle imagination's fires with scenes
Where booming cannon and the force of arms
Did prove Britannia mistress of the waves.
On this, Trafalgar's bay, behold ! each ship of war
Doth range itself upon its quiet waters.
Its shores untrodden all by gallant British tars—
Nought reigns around but murmuring stillness
Which oft forebodes the coming storm.
Now, mark the fearful, sudden change which,
Like the spirit of a dream, steals o'er the scene.
England's hostile fleet,—each well-mann'd sail
A messenger of death,—doth plough the angry wave ;
Till, marshall'd side by side, their oaken walls
Defiance bid unto the proud insulting foe.
The cannon's roar awakes the slumbering coast
To the sad consciousness that 'twas their final sleep.
The tug of war's begun. To England's watchword true,
Each man doth bravely do his duty.
And anon the shout of " Victory" is heard.
Oh, in imagination's pictured scene
How changed ! the din and clash of war is hush'd ;
The dying wail far hence is carried by the breeze.
The heavens, which just before were lurid with the glare

And flash of arms, are fill'd with balmy freshness;
The surge to madness lash'd and dyed with human gore,
Each flitting cloud doth mirror on its glassy bosom.
No more doth arm to arm oppose its might,
Exulting in its warlike prowess; but
Strife's bitter waters once again assuaged, the dove
Unto her resting-place returns, and over all
Doth wave the olive-branch of peace.
Yet stay!—what change is this which meets mine eye?
But yesterday the battle was 'twixt man and man;
Now the raging elements array themselves
Against the conquering power; and at Jehovah's fiat
Uplift themselves, and dash their mighty billows
O'er the scatter'd fleet as if t'engulf them all;
Whilst heaven's vials all their fury pour
On its devoted head. Where now thy boasted strength,
O man! nay, where an empire's power,
When 'gainst it is array'd the God of battles,—
The Sovereign Ruler of this warring world?
Behold yon coming wave, bursting with rage!
See how it lifts each giant ship upon
Its foaming top; then hides it 'neath the yawning surge.
Anon it strikes its ponderous side,
And lays it prostrate as a helpless child
Upon its mother's bosom; whilst from those
Who but yester no fear, no danger knew,
E'en at the cannon's mouth, the cry of "Help" is heard—
But none to help is nigh. Their spirits,
Nerved with lion's strength against their fellow-man,
Are made to quail before the mighty power
Of Him whom the rude winds and waves obey.
Huggins! proud painter of Trafalgar's battle-scene!
Thy fame shall live on history's truthful page!
And when grim Death shall paralyze thine arm,
And take the palette from thy powerless hand,
Thousands unborn, whilst looking on thy threefold work,
Shall own thy matchless skill, and o'er thy brow
Shall place the wreath of immortality.

COME, BEAUTEOUS MAID.

Come, beauteous maid, and hear my lay,
For I would sing of thee,—the gay,
 The loveliest of the fair ;
'Tis love which bids me thus to speak,
Whilst hoped-for pleasure fires my cheek,—
 Its pangs I cannot bear.

Come, surely thou canst not refrain
To join me in my humble strain,
 Thy voice alone can charm.
Oh ! happiest of all happy men,
Now that I hear thy voice again,
 It is a sovereign balm.

EVEN'S SOFT HOUR.

How lovely the spot where, at even's soft hour,
 I wander'd with thee down the sweetbriar lane ;
The rose breathed its fragrance, bedew'd with the shower,
 And droop'd its mild beauties borne down by the rain.

The high-arching trees spread their arms o'er the way,
 And each blossom was circled in nature's own green ;
While the forest lay glimmering beneath the bright ray
 Of Sol's setting beams thrown like gold o'er the scene.

The moon rose majestic, unclouded, and bright,
 And in triumph she rode through the blue eastern sky ;
While the wave 'neath her splendour was dancing in light,
 Quick changing its hues as the breeze pass'd it by.

First sweet on the ear broke the glad sound of mirth,
 As by distance 'twas mellow'd and wafted along ;
 Oh ! it seem'd not a sound that belong'd to the earth,
 It was mainly all like the syren's soft song.

The nightingale's note, too, was heard in the grove
 That skirts the wide plain, dimly seen from afar ;
 It rang through the valley as list'ning we stood,
 'Neath the glimmering light of the bright evening star.

That evening, that hour, I ne'er shall forget,
 While memory her seat in this bosom shall hold ;
 Round my heart it doth cling as the ivy when set,
 Clings the oak in its youth, nor forsakes it when old.

THE VILLAGE BELLE.

Search latitude,
 Or longitude,
 If any there you find,
 In pulchritude
 Or gratitude,
 (I sure'y must be blind)
 To excel this lovely lass ; I ween,
 No fair a damsel ne'er was seen,

But, fare thee well,
 My fate doth tell,
 That we are doom'd to part,
 In vain I sigh
 Still to be nigh
 Thy faithful loving heart ;
 Where'er you dwell, where'er you rove,
 Oh, think of me, my dearest love !

THE SHIPWRECK'D MARINER.

A woman here ! " Why wand'rest thou alone ?
Hop'st thou in solitude some crime t'atone ;
Or seek'st thou here, at this dark midnight hour,
Some shipwreck'd mariner, whom the seas' power
Has thrown upon the beach, both cold and dead,
With nought but sea-weed for his shroud and bed ?"
" 'Tis even so, kind stranger, for I weep
For him I love,—a sailor on the deep.
See yonder bark, there, tossed to and fro ;
Now rides the storm—see, o'er her prow
Each sea doth roll, and drives her on a rock.
Hark ! hark ! methinks I hear the fatal shock.
She strikes ! she sinks ! a bark, a boat, a sail,
A mast, a spot, a speck,—the dying wail !
Oh, save my husband ! save !" she faintly cried,
Then backward fell, and in my arms she died.

THOUGH SWEET THY FORM.

Come, dearest, to yon lovely bower,
Wreath'd o'er with nature's green.
There's none like to the stolen hour,
When lovers meet unseen.
'Tis there we find a lone retreat,
No footstep need we fear ;
My passion there I would repeat
Unto thy list'ning ear.
This tender heart,
Pierced by love's dart,
Dear maid to thee
Shall faithful be.

Oh, be thy love as true as mine,
 Pure, and without alloy;
 Oh, do but call thy lover thine—
 I seek no higher joy;
 And we shall ever bless the day
 That in this bower we met;
 And never shall you have to say
 My vows I could forget.
 For this fond heart
 Is made to smart;
 Oh, be thou mine,
 Fair maid divine.

Tho' sweet thy form and bright thine eye,
 Mine thou canst not always be;
 For nature's fairest flowers will die,
 And I may soon lose thee.
 But heaven-born beauties of the mind
 Are pure, and ne'er decay;
 Those charms you have which strongest bind,
 And perish not away.
 But, while we live,
 To thee I'll give
 My loving heart,
 Nor from thee part.

TO A FLEA.

Whar the de'il did ye cam frae,
 Ye wee bit loupin skinny flea,
 Wha next de ye think ye'r gaun to see!
 But stop a minute;
 If ye escape the grip o' me
 The de'il's in it.

Hut, hang it, a', I had ye here ;
Look'd on ye, too, wi' muckle care,
But now ye'r loupin' God knows where,
 For I canna tell.
O' Tiney's coat ! keep out o' there,
 Or mind yersel'.

Gude bye, then, if ye mean to gang ;
But ye maun be baith sleek and strong.
Its weel ye didna' stay here long,
 I wad be thinking,
Or ye'd hae sang another song,
 Wi' a' yer jinking.

THERE IS A SPOT.

There is a spot most dear to me,
 Where oft I've told the tale
Of my early love, 'neath the spreading tree,
 In the shades of my native vale.
And I have wander'd there, right oft,
 The breezes to inhale ;
When the morning beams were falling soft,
 By the stream of my native vale.

There have I stood on a summer's day,
 Fann'd by the gentle gale ;
And watch'd the sun's last setting ray
 From the shades of my native vale.
Oft have I wander'd there at night,
 When the stars where shining pale ;
And the moonbeams threw their silver light
 O'er the meads of my native vale.

TO SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Oh, Scott, how oft thy glorious tales I quaff,
With witty Wamba I have raised the laugh ;
Or 'tend great Richard to the daring fight,
Behold his deeds and wonder at his might,
When he uprears his axe, and with a stroke
Rends bars of iron, and e'en hearts of oak.
Or when bold Robin, in the tilted field,
Handles his bow and makes his rivals yield ;
Pierces the willow wand and gains the prize,
While peals of shouts run rattling through the skie
Or backward turn and see great Ivanhoe
Brandish his spear and prostrate lay his foe.
Redeem the honour of the English name,
And sound his actions by the trump of fame.

BELLS OF NORFOLK.

Bells of Norfolk, prithee ring,
Birds of Norfolk, prithee sing,
Lads and lassies, garlands bring,
Elizabeth to welcome, O.

Woods and valleys all rejoice,
Hail ye now my dearest choice ;
Oh, could I but join your voice
To welcome thee, my lassie, O.

Modest flow'rets, smile again,
Let my lassie feel no pain,
While she trips across the plain,
Let her heart be cheerie, O.

At evening should she rove the dell,
Welcome her sweet Philomel,
Thy softest tales, oh, prithee tell,
Elizabeth, my dearie. O.

Go, then, lovely maiden, go,
Nymphs attendant wait thee, O,
To guard thee from all earthly wo,
And to charm and cheer thee, O.

THE MOON.

Above the landscape's utmost verge
I see the pale round moon emerge;
Nor to these realms is she confined,
For light she gives to all mankind;
Cheering the traveller on his way
When Sol withdraws the light of day.
She breaks, where earth and sky seem bent,
From clouds that cumber her ascent.
But as she passes by them throws
The light which on their edges glows.
By no mishap is she delay'd;
Never by chance her course is stay'd;
Heaven's law alone she doth obey,
And silent wends her even way.
So like the moon would I fulfil
My great Creator's sovereign will.
A holy influence round me shed,
That all, by my example led,
To God their ceaseless praise may give,
And serve him while on earth they live.

ELIZABETH, MY DEARIE!

Oft by the bonny banks of Tweed,
I've gather'd gowans frae the mead,
Whilst in my thoughts sae oft I lead,
Elizabeth, my dearie!

'Twas even then I thought o' thee,
When years were in their infancy,
E'en then, my love, I sigh'd for thee,
Elizabeth, my dearie!

Altho', my love, then doom'd to part,
Still with thee was my aching heart ;
Nor can it e'er from thee depart,
Elizabeth, my dearie!

When o'er the hills and far from thee,
And 'twixt us dash'd the raging sea,
My dreams were ever, love, of thee,
Elizabeth, my dearie!

Oft hae I thought to hear thee speak,
And view'd the bloom upon thy cheek,
And softly sigh'd, in accents meek,
Elizabeth, my dearie!

Illusive as a dream may be,
Still pleasure it affords to me,
In thought to be once more with thee,
Elizabeth, my dearie!

Oh then, my love, my only pride,
Say, wilt thou, lassie, be my bride?
World's vanities I cast aside,
For thee, my only dearie!

Ah ! surely, then, thou faintly sigh'd,
" I'll be thy happy, happy bride,"—
'Twere heaven to be to thee allied,
Elizabeth, my dearie !

A DREAM.

Midnight dream I heard a charger neigh
About the walls where I a prisoner lay ;
Watchless, I raised my head, and saw a friend
Scaling the turrets ; and, as he did descend,
Cried, " Come, haste thee, comrade, haste away,
The warder heard me, and he will us betray."
In the sembling view we saw the court-yard fill'd
With men and horse, for battle ready skill'd ;
Silent kept, till not a mouse was heard,
All seem'd hush'd, in drowsy sleep secured.
The careless guard, who summon'd all around,
Know not for why he made the trumpet sound ;
The shadowy form his balmy vision caught ;
As thus concluded, as us in vain they sought.
But we went and pass'd the watchless guard,
While he slept the pond'rous gates unbarr'd.
There stood a pair of steeds, both fierce and strong,
Arab race, which need nor spur nor thong ;
Spirits noble and of noble birth ;
Scaling their feet they tore the very earth.
When Ormond's horn so dextrously he blew,
And as the wind our chargers wilder flew ;
They scatter'd manes which flutter'd in the gale
Like the wave-splash 'gainst the pressing sail,
Down the deep ; and in our safe return
Joyful brought the long-lost warrior home.

FAREWELL, TOM.

Come cheer up, my hearty, why heave you that sigh?
And why, sailor Tom, are you piping your eye?
Be strong, boy, and firm, like a true English tar,
For our hearts shall be one, Tom, ashore or in war.

Go, gallantly brave you the battle and breeze;
At the cannon's mouth only purchase your ease;
And if once again you should tread our loved shore
I'll welcome you, Tom, and we'll be friends as before.

A VALENTINE.

My raptured mind would fain express,
The ardour of my loving breast;
But words alone can never prove
How vast and boundless is my love.
While day and night I think on thee,
And all thy graceful charms I see,
I live in hope you will be mine,
My young, my beauteous Valentine.

The ring a pledge of love shall be,
When you shall give your heart to me;
A husband ever faithful, true,
I'll prove myself, dear girl, to you.
Tho' now thou'rt absent, yet how bless'd
To be of thee, ere long, possess'd;
Happy indeed to call thee mine
Who'rt only now my Valentine.

STILL DO I THINK.

Dear girl, how lovely was the spot
Where we wander'd from the cot,—
Can those moments be forgot ?
Never, while I live for thee.

Where we linger'd by the mill,
Where murmurs soft the distant rill,
Where the choir re-echo still ?
Never, while I live for thee.

Where the silvery tinted light
Was dancing in the shade of night,
Where all around was beaming bright ?
Never, while I live for thee.

Still do I think, love, on that hour,
E'en when clouds of anguish lour,
Fond memory shall my heart o'erpower,
Ever, while I live for thee.

THE GIRL I ADORE.

Mild as the moon-beams on the waters playing,
Soft as they murmur o'er their chrystal bed ;
Sweet as Aurora, when her beams displaying,
She shakes the pearly dew-drops from her head.

Lovely as spring, first rising to our sight,
While nymphs attendant flowery garlands bear ;
She strews the violets, that her coming might
With fragrant sweets perfume the varying year.

Bright as the summer's sun, whose cloudless ray
Strikes through the ethereal blue on orbs beneath,
Heavenly as Phœbus, when he ends the day,
And dips in western waves his azure wreath.

Glorious as autumn, when she sends with glee
The peasant girl to gather up her charms,
Bright as the Naiads dancing o'er the Lee,
Bearing the horn of plenty in their arms.

Such are thy charms, fair maid, so bright their hue,
Wealth cannot buy aught equal to thy heart;
Then, oh, compassionate a lover true,
Who feels the force of Cupid's vengeful dart.

Songs.

ENGLAND—VICTORIA FOR EVER.

Air,—King! God bless him.

Come fill you a bumper right up to the rim,
 A toast I'm about to propose;
 Now my friends are your goblets all charged to the brim?
 "The Queen," then, "and down with her foes."
 If there's any one here who would question the toast,
 From him we would instantly sever;
 Our Queen and our country shall be our proud boast,
 "Old England—Victoria for ever."

Other nations may boast of their navies well mann'd,
 Their riches, or whatever they please;
 Royal lady, we greet thee, the pride of our land,
 The land, too, of freedom and ease.
 Long England's sweet rose, may'st thou bloom on our coast,
 No foe thy fair charms to dis sever;
 Our Queen and our country shall be our proud boast—
 "Old England—Victoria for ever."

JOLLY BACCHUS.

Jolly Bacchus pledge the vine,
Clustering o'er the fruitful bowers,
Whence the gushing purple wine
Pours upon mankind in showers.

Bathe your spirits in its ray,
Put the tyrant thought to flight ;
And the burning beams of day
Thus shall gladden up the night.

If it pains the heart to think,
Should not thought in wine be drown'd ?
If there's solace found in drink,
Let's push the sparkling goblet round.

Let the wine-cup freely pass,
Ere time the present hour shall steal ;
Pledge it merrily, drain the glass,
For rosy wine all cares can heal.

THE BANKS OF CLYDE.

Air,—My Dog and my Gun.

One morning we hied,
With dog by our side,
When Sol had awaken'd the dawn ;
While mowers so blythe,
Were wetting the scythe,
And the lark soar'd high from the lawn.

As onward we bore
Deep thickets before,
Hearts free and appetites keen,
Poor Prince, I could see,
Hence wish'd to lead me
Again to the spot where he'd been.

I follow'd the course,
Led almost per force,
To the banks of the sweet river Clyde ;
When who should there be
But one dearest to me,
'Twas my lassie, my lovely young bride.

HER HE DOTH ADORE.

Air,—With a Helmet on his Brow.

With a glow upon his cheek,
And a maiden by his side,
The lover roves the forest dell
From morn till eventide.
With the warblers in full song,
The valleys all rejoice,
And flow'rets round him throng,
With a meek and modest voice.

He pluck'd the rose of spring,
And gazed with joy around
On wilds, where oft the voice of love
Had echo'd sweetly round.
Like a warrior in the field,
With courage mantled o'er,
The conquest he hath nobly gained
O'er her he doth adore.

SINCE FIRST I GAZED.

Air,—Red red Rose.

O my love's like a summer's morn,
So blithsome, sweet, and gay ;
O my love in rosy smiles appears,
Like Phœbus' heavenly ray !
So soft thy form, so young and fair,
Thy charms all charms outvie ;
Since first I gazed upon thee, love,
In vain I've check'd the sigh.

Attune thy lute, my love, and raise
To harmony thy voice ;
To hear thy sylphlike melody
Doth make my heart rejoice.
Should aught from me my fair one part,
Though mountain, rock, or sea,
On eagle's wings, fleet as a dart,
My love, I'd flee to thee !

THE ROBBER'S SONG.

Air,—Shall I wasting in despair ?

I'm but a sportsman in my way,
Prowling by night as well as day ;
If any game should come this way
My bugle-sound the hounds obey.
And if it fly, I then pursue,
Or give it just a shaft or two,
But if my prey pleads poverty,
The hand of the robber then sets him free.

'Tis not the poor, but rich we snare
 For them we nightly prowling are ;
 When Sol retires o'er western hills,
 'Tis then the robber's bugle thrills.
 Let them grumble if they please,
 Nought shall our hungry maw appease ;
 Our cave shall like their mansions be,
 A storehouse for wealth and luxury.

COME, COME WITH ME.

Air,—My pretty Jane.

Come, come with me, and join the glee,
 Of yonder mirthful grove ;
 Where e'en the birds do bill and coo,
 And tell their tale of love.
 Still do I feel love's vivid power,
 In vain I seek for rest ;
 I mind it well, that happy hour,
 When first it seiz'd my breast.
 Come, come with me, &c.

Come, come with me, and join the glee,
 Why turn thee, love, away ?
 This heart, this stricken heart; will break,
 If thou dost bid me nay.
 How vast, how boundless is my love,
 Thou canst not tell its pain ;
 Fain would I speak, but still thine eye
 My faltering tongue doth chain.
 Come, come with me, &c.

IN FANCY'S DREAM.

Airs—The Bridal Ring.

My lovely maid, I dream'd of thee,
And the hours we spent together
In early youth, with spirits free,
When nought our hearts could sever.
In fancy's dream methought at morn
I heard thee softly sing,
And pluck'd thee roses which adorn
The fragrant spring, the fragrant spring.

Methought, as o'er the carpet spread
With Flora's beauties round thee,
I heard thee sigh,—I'd nought to dread,
So quickly had it bound me ;
I kiss'd away the struggling tear,
And I to thee did sing,
(While o'er the fields we roved, my dear,)
The bridal ring, the bridal ring.

GIVE ME A BRIGHT MORN.

Air,— Gay Ones and Great.

Give me a bright morn,
My horse and my horn,
Red jacket, my cap, and my whip,
A huntsman or two,
The fox to pursue,
O'er hill and o'er dale we will trip.

With my boots and my spurs,
Ne'er mind what occurs,
Let's join the halloo with the hound,
O'er mountain and dale
We'll fly with the gale,
Our *fêtes* shall the village astound.

Let your politics be,
They're no pastime for me,
Give me but my dog and my gun;
Field sports are my glory,
Despite Whig or Tory,
Then oh for a shot or a run.

But let me exhort,
That, after the sport,
We rejoin our sweet maidens so coy;
Drink our bottle of sherry,
And close the day merry—
Such pleasure who could not enjoy?

ROSA OF THE VALE.

Air,—The Rose of Allandale.

The night was calm, serene the air,
The moon shone o'er the hill,
When my lassie left her humble cot,
Methinks I see her still.
I wander'd forth to meet her there,
Down in the silent dale;
She was a lovely maiden fair,
Sweet Rosa of the vale.

With the zephyr's gentle breeze,
 That fann'd the leafy grove ;
 The Nightingale's sweet note was heard
 To sing the song of love.
 Our hearts then softly breathed the sigh,
 But she look'd wan and pale,
 Whilst I declared I wish'd to wed
 Sweet Rosa of the vale.

Still do I gaze upon the spot
 Where we so oft did roam ;
 Then was she mistress of my heart,
 And now she shares my home.
 I've found her ever faithful, kind,
 Whate'er our peace assail ;
 I bless the hour that first I met
 Sweet Rosa of the vale.

BEGONE, OLD MAN.

Air,—Begone Dull Care.

Begone, old man, prithee begone from me ;
 Begone, old man, youth and age can never agree.
 In youth's gay dawn alone we love,
 With age it will decay ;
 And like a lonely widow'd dove
 We pine our life away.

A grey-headed old man will never do for me,
 'Tis a young one I seek, and he full of life must be ;
 With youth's gay dawn we love to sing,
 And dance our time away ;
 And, fairylike, on Cupid's wing,
 To turn the night to day.

LOVELY YOUNG LASSIE.

Air,—The Boys of Kilkenny.

There lived a young lassie adown the hill side,
To roam wi' that lassie 'twas my ainly pride ;
For the was sae faithfu', sae lovely, and gay,
A sylph of the mountain, as fair as the day,
Was that lovely young lassie, &c.

Whenever my love-song was heard on the Lee,
She'd hasten and fairylike come to meet me ;
When together we'd sit 'neath the shade of the bower,
Under the willing constraint of love's magic power.
Oh that lovely young lassie, &c.

Or 'neath the moon's beam by the stream's rippling tide,
We've stray'd when half nature was silent beside ;
And in the lone path our constancy breathed,
When our bosoms with love and passion have heaved.
Oh, that lovely young lassie, &c.

WITH RAPTURED EAR.

Air,—Shepherds' Hours.

With raptured ear oft do I mark,
When morning beams salute the sky,
Soaring aloft, the gaily lark
Warbling forth her melody.
Ever blithsome on my way,
I sing a merry roundelay.

It never I shall in the lanes along,
 And never the swallows' amorous tale;
 And never in the wild birds' song,
 And never the groves of my native vale.
 Ever blithesome on my way,
 I sing a merry roundelay.

And when it rue as oft I rove,
 Like trumpet bird upon the wing,
 I see my own but constant love,
 The valleys all with gladness ring.
 Ever blithesome on my way,
 I'll sing a merry roundelay.

HARVEST HOME.

Air.—Safely follow him.

To the fields away, each rustic sings,
 Let every heart be light and free;
 And welcome home the store which brings
 Both riches and tranquillity;
 Banish dull care and let it flee,
 Nor linger in our train;—
 Like jovial tars come let us be,
 Or merry huntsmen o'er the plain;
 Nothing fearing, nothing fearing,
 Tally ho, tally ho, tally ho, huzza.

Come, hand the maidens fair along,
 And jocund laugh the time away;
 With October cheer and song
 Let's blithesome close the happy day.
 Banish dull care, &c.

WOMAN.

Air,—Is there a Heart?

Woman ! thou source of all our joy,
Thy name we'll ever bless ;
For should life's cares our breast annoy,
In thee there's happiness.
Thou sweetest of creation's charms,
Thy presence makes our peace ;
And when encircled in thine arms,
E'en there our troubles cease.

How beauteous is thy smiling face !
Angelic is thy form !
An air of modesty and grace
Doth all thy steps adorn.
Then let not flattery ever turn
Thy constancy from me ;
For, while I live, my heart shall burn
With faithfulness to thee !

LIST TO ME, LOVE.

Air,—Tell me my Heart.

List to me, love—partner of my heart,
Oft have I thought thee mine ;
To thee, sweet bud of nature's art,
I here myself resign.
That which I plight fades not like flowers,
'Tis pluck'd from love's perennial bowers !

Thy dimpling cheeks my heart inspire,
 Fair would I steal a kiss,
 To quench the flaming fond desire,
 That heaven of my bliss.
 This token which I proffer thee
 Oh take in memory of me.

OLD ENGLAND'S TAR.

See—How's it then that's ours'.

I've ranged over mountains afar,
 I've ranged over mountains afar,
 Where glimmers the forest at morning's grey dawn;
 What's that to the life of a Tar?
 Full oft have they loaded the gale,
 Singing the merry heave-ho,
 Which is wafted along by the breeze-spreading sail,
 As fast through the ocean they go.
 Then drink to the Tars of the main,
 Hurra for the Tars of the main:
 Prosperity's goblet in honour we'll quaff,
 To the brave British Tars of the main.

I've spurr'd through the forest afar,
 I've braved e'en the face of the scour;
 For where are the sports without danger there be?
 But what life's like that of a Tar?
 Though shoals may them oftentimes annoy,
 And storms o'er them gather around,
 The song of the Tar is the soul of the glee,
 If to fight for Old England he's bound.
 We'll drink to the Tars, &c.

FARE THEE WELL.

Air.—*Isle of Beauty.*

Fare thee well, my love, with sorrow,
 Speaks this throbbing heart to thee;
 Detested words, "farewell,"—"good-morrow!"
 Oh, had they ne'er been heard by me!
 This heart might then be free from woe,
 But now my grief no tongue can tell,
 The venom'd arrow from the bow
 That wounds my heart is—fare thee well!

Fare thee well!—but, ere we part,
 Give me but one single kiss;
 Relieve this fond despairing heart,
 Oh, change its sadness into bliss!
 Then happy I as happy they,
 Where thou for long dost go to dwell;
 My fate I'll cheerfully obey,
 And say, my dearest, fare thee well!

BONNY LASSIE, O!

Air.—*Kelvin Grove.*

Fare thee well, 'tis fate's decree,
 Bonny Lassie, O.
 That we should parted be,
 Bonny Lassie, O.
 Whilst thou art happy there
 This heart shall not despair,
 But bless thee everywhere,
 Bonny Lassie, O.

What pleasure 'twill afford,
Bonny Lassie, O.
My inmost thoughts to hoard,
Bonny Lassie, O.
Till from another coast.
(The joy I look for most,
I can send them by the post,
Bonny Lassie, O.

Thou wilt write again to me,
 Bonny Lassie, O.
 Still to live and hope for thee,
 Bonny Lassie, O.
 And of the future dream,
 Whilst I rove beneath the beam,
 Whose light on both shall gleam,
 Bonny Lassie, O.

CAN I FORGET?

Air.—*Here we must too soon to part.*

Can I forget those moments gay
We have together pass'd away ?
No, not till memory decay ;
Oh, no, believe me, never !
Think not that friendship's day hath past,
Or stormy passion's fiery blast
Hath come to separate at last,
And crush our love for ever !
Can I forget, &c.

Tho' friendship's bonds to vulgar mind
Are frail as tendrils which do bind
The creeping vine,—my love, you'll find
It is not so with me!

Thine image on my soul is cast,
And when the span of life is past
There thro' ages it shall last,
The counterpart of thee!

Can I forget, &c.

THE OLD MAN'S FAREWELL.

Air,—The Soldier's Tear.

He turn'd and gazed awhile,
To take the last farewell
Of the spot where he so oft had stray'd,
The spot he loved so well;
The spot which he from morn till noon
Had till'd for many a year;
In bidding thus the last adieu
There fell a sparkling tear.

Farewell! and yet may I,
When nature's debt I've paid,
Be hither brought, and 'neath the sod
By my poor wife be laid.
Ere from this vale I can depart
My heart is chill'd with fear,
To think that here will shortly rest
The old man's funeral bier.

THE LAND OF LIBERTY.

Air,—Bruce's Address.

Britons we shall still remain,
Freemen without sword or pain,
Oppress'd we never shall again
By tyrants' footsteps be.
Too long in the days of yore,
The invader's chains we bore,
But we will be enthral'd no more,
Now that, my lads, we're free.

All tyrants' threats will we defy;
"On! on to victory!" is the cry
Of those who for their country die,
And find a glorious grave.
Where'er to battle Britons go
They manfully subdue the foe,
And lay each proud pretender low
Who would their land enslave.

The wreath of fame shall ever crown
Thee, Britain, with thy due renown;
Rebels shall flee before thy frown,
And own thy bravery.
To freedom thou dost all restore;—
The slave who touches but thy shore,
Doth feel his galling bonds no more,
A freeman 'mongst the free.

Hail! Isle of the brave and free!
Where'er we rove no land we see
That can at all compare to thee,
Thou land of liberty!
Thy sceptre never shall decline
Till nations, prostrate at thy shrine,
Confess the power and empire thine,
Bless'd land of liberty.

SARAH, MY DEARIE.

Air,—*As beautiful Kitty.*

- He.* Sarah, my dearie,
I pray thee come near me
For something to you I much wish to disclose.
- She.* Why dont you reveal it?
What makes you conceal it?
- He.* A'cause I gets bashful the older I grows.
- He.* When will you be married?
How long you have tarried.
- She.* Tarried, my dearest, you cannot say so.
I ne'er once thought about it;
But why do you doubt it?
Yes, Sir, I will marry when I've a string to my bow.
- She.* Do *you* love me sincerely!
- He.* I does, love, you dearly.
- She.* Will you promise to grant me all favours I ask?
- He (aside).* But this is a bore though.
- She.* I've heard that you snore so;
This habit abandon. *He.* Oh, dear! what a task.
- He.* To end all our sorrow—
- She.* We'll be married to-morrow.
From church I'm determined no longer I'll stay.
- He.* No don't love. *She.* I won't love.
- He.* Nor I love. *She.* Don't sigh love. *He.* 'Tis nigh love
Our happy, happy wedding-day.
- She.* Nor I love. *He.* Don't sigh love. *Both.* 'Tis nigh love,
The happy, happy wedding-day.

JOE BINDER.

WRITTEN FOR THE BOOKBINDERS.

 Air,—*Paul Pry*.

Joe Binder was as smart a youth as e'er you'd wish to
 meet with,
 No bad companions would you find him rambling in the
 street with;
 His mother taught him maxims good,—no parent e'er
 was kinder,—
 His father thought he'd have him bound apprentice to
 binder. Tol, lol, lol.

His schooling o'er, young Joe was fix'd in his new
 situation;
 And soon his master's favour gain'd,—being always at
 his station;
 Thus Joe was bound to *glue up books*, and binding to
 repair, then,
 And at the press Joe *ploughed* his way (for a younker
 pretty fair, then. Tol, lol, lol.

Now Joe had learn'd to cut and gild, and use the *beating*
 hammer,
 When his master he was *beat* outright, and Joe began to
 stammer;
 For his employer he had fail'd, because they say he was
 a rover,
 And as Joe's master *over-turned*, why Joe was then
turned-over. Tol, lol, lol.

We find Misfortune, hapless jade, the root of much
disaster,
For thus far Joe had fortune miss'd, through the folly of
his master ;
But in this shop he found a lass, by name Miss *Prudence*
Fortune,
Who thought it *prudent*, so did Joe, he should address
Miss Fortune. Tol, lol, lol.

Now, Joe he partly knew his trade, the other part soon
learn'd, Sirs,
But his heart a passion did invade, and his attention
turn'd, Sirs,
Of Fortune's *Miss*, Joe made a *hit*, at length his love he
told her,
And in his arms most lovingly Joe *folds* his happy *folder*.
Tol, lol, lol.

She was his master's daughter, and Joe's charms she
much admired ;
He was a kind, obliging youth, and did what was re-
quired.
And if Miss Fortune tore a sheet, quite neatly Joe would
mend it ;
And all his overtime did Joe with Prudence Fortune
spend it. Tol, lol, lol.

When Joe the seven years had served, and his appren-
ticeship was over,
His master, to reward him, gave his daughter's hand ;—
moreover,
The business, too, he left with Joe, then bound the two
together :
Thus binding made a man of Joe, for sure there's nought
like leather. Tol, lol, lol.

ROBIN BOOK.

A PARODY ON "THAT BOLD LAWLESS FELLOW, 'YCLEPT
ROBIN HOOD," WRITTEN FOR THE BOOKBINDERS.

A famous man is Robin Book,
The English ladie-reader's joy ;
He steals all hearts which on him look,
Howe'er reserved they be or coy.
His daring mood eyes flash with fire ;
Lovers soon learn to quote his lays ;
His magic spell their hearts inspire,
Who fondly dream of by-gone days.

A friend he is of human kind,
Allied to neither skin nor clime ;
He sways the empire of the mind,
His magic sceptre prose or rhyme.
In every tongue he's known and read,
Wide as the world is his domain ;
By living speech or language dead,
An entrance he contrives to gain.

When roving by the mountain side,
Or by the limpid running brook,
Each scene is not more closely eyed,
Than is each page of Robin Book.
The binders, too, he doth amuse,
And gives employ when'er he can ;
They ornament his welcome muse,
Kind patron of the working man.

Fragments.

ON A BIRD TAKEN FROM ITS NEST.

Sweet panting bird, droop not thy head,
 But on my breast there make thy bed ;
 Cursed be the man that stole thy nest,
 And may he know no quiet rest.

Painting and verse are twins by birth,
 Then let not us frail sons of earth
 The holy union scorn :
 The Poet's verse would read but ill
 Without the Painter's varied skill,
 The sacred muse t'adorn.

What advantage in thought do we find,
 That we should its free action indulge ?
 How oft does it show to the mind
 The things it should never divulge.

ON GREEN'S BALLOONS.

Two *Greens* ascended, tow'ring tow'rd's the sky,
Each in a balloon; and soar'd so high that they
Were higher than his sacred majesty;
Indeed, 'tis rumour'd (folk will have their say,)
That he was jealous, angry, and savage,
And vow'd the *Greens* he'd turn into a *cabbage*.

Though seas, my love, do intervene,
Yet, in my thought, oft have I seen
Thy graceful form in sweet array;—
But ere I'd time to bid it stay,
That I might clasp it in my arms,
And gaze once more upon its charms,
'Twould, like a spectre of the night,
Vanish from out my ravish'd sight.

I mind it well, that happy hour,
When first I pluck'd love's beauteous flower,
With all the joy that e'er oppress'd
The ardour of a youthful breast.
That happy hour,—I mind it well,
The piercing glance which on me fell;
The sighs, too, deeply heaved for me,
Which I return'd in secrecy.
Increasing still, at last we spoke,
And soon began to laugh and joke;
Then join'd the hand, so freely given,
And kiss'd and parted at eleven.

WINTER AT SCHOOL.

Drear Winter spreads his snowy veil,
And sweet summer bids retreat ;
The hills before his coming quail,
The valleys shiver at his feet.
The glorious moon doth rise so bright,
And stars are clustering around,
Cold blows the wind, and keen is the night,
The snow lies deep on the ground ;
Now for skating and sliding at last,
With great-coat well-button'd around ;
We hail the glad moments forgetting the past,
Lookers on beat their toes on the ground.

There's in thine eye a gleam of fire,
There's in thy face a look serene ;
It starts to tune the poet's lyre,
Brightly blazing, though unseen.

The stream is cross'd, the wall is pass'd,
The slave that dogged my steps has died ;
I stand before the door at last
Of her who hath my suit denied.
That lattice open, if not far,
And of thy features let me steal
One glance ;—oh, leave it just a-jar,
E'er thou my hopeless doom shalt seal.

Tell me, dearest, why thou art
So bashful, timorous, and shy ?
Tell me, dearest, why this heart
Should heave, when in thy sight, a sigh ?

LINES

ON A DISCONSOLATE YOUNG LADY.

Child of affection, hear me now,
Constant care hangs on thy brow ;
Weeping, sighing, broken-hearted,
To think thy lover has departed.

The first time I saw thee,
The last time we met,
I felt, oh, believe me,
Both joy and regret.
The joy at thy beauty
That gazers must feel,
Regret that stern duty
My love bade conceal.

Accept, dear girl, this little token,
Our sever'd friendship to renew ;
And may it ne'er again be broken,
But ever be both fast and true.

Could blows the night, an' how the wind
Comes whistlin' through the cranks, O ;
Mysel' I think its no' behind
In playing o' its pranks, O.

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE CEMETERY IN THE HARROW ROAD.

Here, o'er man's narrow house of death,
Earth's loviest plants do grow ;
And spring has twined its beauteous wreath,
His resting-place to show.

When in secret thought I lean
My head supported by my hand,
I conjure up the by-gone scene
As with a mighty magic wand.

As sunbeams on the waters glance
Through opening clouds awhile,
The ripples in their glory dance,
And almost seem to smile.
So in the heart a thought can spring,
Each rankling wound to close ;
And to the watchless eyelids bring,
In spite of pain, repose.

Love ! when I gaze on thee with pleasure I see
Thee smile in return at the joy which I feel ;
With that simple smile, love, how happy is he,
Who fain would the tear, love, forbidden, conceal,
Which from his fond heart, love, now makes its appeal.

SLEEP.

Although that blue eye is conceal'd
Beneath its lashes' silken covering,
Some lovely vision is reveal'd,
For round those lips a smile is hovering.
Like to the beams upon the lake,
When clouds before the sun are drifting,
They fade, and glare again, and make
Each fleeting smile too swift for shifting.

Fleet as a hind Camilla swept the plain,
Unhorsed the boaster, and return'd again ;
Thus fair Camilla raced the very wind,
Leaving the boaster, struggling, far behind.

With joy thy opening blossoms still I see,
And weep to think they do not bloom for me.
Oh ! thought of anguish, can aught equal this ?
Thrown from the highest pinnacle of bliss ;
And on the furious sea of passion toss'd,
My hope and reason's helm together lost.

We cannot curb wild fancy's sway,
Or bind affection to our will ;
Tho' from thee, love, I turn away,
My truant thoughts will wander still.

LINES

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE "JAMES WATT," WHEN
LEAVING SCHOOL FOR ENGLAND IN 1828.

Farewell bonny Scotia, farewell to thy kin,
From thy shores I now sail to the South,
Where they say a Scotch mist wets a man to the skin.
And the rain always spits in his mouth.

I met thee in the smiling spring
Of love,—and nature's verdancy,
When visions of each beauteous thing
Wrapp'd our minds in extasy ;
The future seem'd unclouded,—bright
And blissful as the joyous beams
Of thy dark eye, like to the light
That mem'ry sheds o'er fancy's scenes.

Give me near my heart to wear
A single lock of thy bright hair ;
Braid it for me as thou list,
No matter how thy fingers twist
The silken cords ; 'twill hold my heart,
Ne'er from the giver to depart.
Costlier than a golden chain
The gift shall round my neck remain ;
And as a talisman shall be,
To keep me, dearest. true to thee.

LINES

ON RETURNING MRS. MABBOTT'S UMBRELLA.

Madam, I return your umbrella,
As I'm no purchaser or seller
Of suchlike goods ;—but, as I live,
To you my grateful thanks I give ;
And bless the hour when first I knew,
And found a faithful friend in you.

What words when he weeps an adieu,
From the lips of our eloquence leaping ;
What similies picture so true,
That expression in sorrow lies sleeping.

Oft do I mark, when sunbeams play
Along the azure face of day,
The ploughman slowly wends his way,
Toiling beneath the sultry ray.
Thus life in manhood's prime appears,
With toils and cares the heart oppress'd ;
Slowly we tread this vale of years,
Seeking in vain for peace or rest.

Love brings despair, and hatred brings remorse,
But friendship onward flows in even course.
What is a lover's loss, let him reply,—
Him of the pallid front and sunken eye ;
His cheek is hollow, thoughtful is his air,
Yet no writhed feature tells that pain is there ;
But all is calm. We search in vain to trace
The worm that gnaws by looking in his face.

THE WRECK.

Mark yon vessel, proudly riding
On the ocean's wave ;
See each surge her strength deriding,
Points to a wat'ry grave.
How the dark'ning clouds now hover
O'er her far and wide ;
Whilst the billows wash her over,
Threat'ning every side.
But, what a frightful sight to see
Her labouring prow submerged,
Till now her course so gallantly
Through every danger urged.
See yonder rock ! her doom is cast !
On it she soon will strand ;
Now driven by the furious blast
She sinks in sight of land.

Scott ! famed Wizard of the North,
In tales the most sublime
Hath proudly to us simples shown
The sports of ancient time.

When dreary winter is begun,
In quest of a more genial sun
Away the summer-bird doth fly,
Thro' the trackless azure sky ;
But when spring once more appears,
And Sol all nature warms and cheers,
Without a pilot or a chart,
And with the swiftness of a dart,
Its airy path the swallow learns,
And to its mud-built nest returns.

MABBOTT! of all the men that I have known,
Most estimable thou art. For many years
I've watch'd thy course; and on my closing page
With pride I register this humble tribute
To thy public virtues, and thy private worth.
In social or domestic life the same,—
Thy disposition forgiving, generous, mild;
Happy thyself, thou spread'st happiness around.
A loving husband; a parent, tender, kind;
A friend sincere, unchanged in sunshine
Or in storm; and on whose cheek the tear of pity
Oft hath stood for human wretchedness and woe.
Fortune's reverses thou canst nobly bear;
Nor murmur at those ills which life befall.
Thy mind, content and thankful with thy lot,
Is ne'er perturbed by cankering care,
But bows submissive to the will of Heaven.
Thy temper, like a deep and silent stream,
Doth keep the even tenor of its way,
Unruffled by the angry strife of tongues,
For on thy wrath the sun ne'er yet went down.
Nor less in public life thy character appears.
Thy walk, how circumspect! How
Faithful to the trust in thee reposed;
And in thy dealings with thy fellow-men
Like justice thou art blind; and sacred truth
Is ne'er profaned by thy unerring lips.
Nay, that I yield thee but a just award
Let this memento which I witness here
Declare. It tells that I am not alone
In admiration of thy worth. Others with me
Have vied to chronicle thy fame,—for
On this costly salver I do read
The just inscription to thy praise.
Long may'st thou live to bless thy family and kind;
And may thy bright example rare
To me and others point the surest road
To win that pearl above all earthly price,—
A name unsullied by foul slander's breath.

BELMOUR HOUSE.

A PLAY, NOT DIVIDED INTO ACTS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. BELMOUR	<i>A retired Gentleman.</i>
MR. BOOKER	<i>A Bookseller.</i>
CHARLES BOOKER	<i>His Son.</i>
MR. CHIP	<i>A Cabinet-maker, &c.</i>
MAHONY	<i>An Irish gentleman at</i>
WILLIAM FLOWER ... }	<i>A Countryman, after</i>
LANDLORD	<i>Gardener to Mr. Be</i>
MRS. BELMOUR	<i>Wife of Mr. Belmour.</i>
MATILDA.....	<i>His Daughter.</i>
MARY	<i>A Servant.</i>

Countrymen, Servants, &c.



BELMOUR HOUSE.

A PLAY, NOT DIVIDED INTO ACTS.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Mr. Belmour's House. Mary dusting the chairs, &c.*

Enter MRS. BELMOUR.

Mrs. Bel. The postman is at the gate; pray, Mary, step and take the letters in.

Mary. Yes, Ma'am, directly. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Bel. How delighted I am. I have been anxiously expecting news these ten days.

Re-enter MARY.

Mrs. Bel. Well, Mary, how many have you?

Mary. One only, Ma'am, and the postage paid.
[Aside] Now we shall have a little peace, I hope.

Mrs. Bel. (*Opens the letter and reads.*) It is from my dear Matilda.

Mary. (*anxiously.*) Are they quite well, Ma'am, and when do they intend returning?

Mrs. Bel. Yes, Mary, they are all well, and will return in a week. *[Knocking outside.*

Mary. Who comes now, I wonder? *[Exit.*

Mrs. Belmour still busy reading the letter.

Enter MR. BELMOUR and MATILDA, in their travelling dishabille, followed by servants carrying portmanteaus, bonnet boxes, &c. MATILDA runs to embrace her Mamma.

Mat. Ah, my dear Mamma, how do you do? and how have you been since we left you?

[Mrs. Belmour appears confused and surprised.

Mr. Bel. Well, Mrs. Belmour, here we are, bag and baggage; you see we are as good as our word. Matilda told you in her letter, which she sent you a week ago, we should return to-day. How do you find yourself, my dear?

Mrs. Bel. Greatly surprised at your unexpected arrival! You are here as soon as your letter, for I declare I had scarcely read half-way through it when you knocked at the door. I think, Mr. Belmour, you had better, like Paddy, have been the bearer of it yourself.

Mr. Bel. (*surprised.*) The letter! as soon as the letter? Why, that can never be. What! only just received the letter which Matilda posted a week ago?

Mrs. Bel. I assure you the postman has but just left it.

Mr. Bel. Confound the postman; what has the fellow been about? Had it been on the most urgent business, if our limbs had been broken, or one of us had died of a fever, it would have been all the same. But, never mind, now that we have arrived safe,—I beg pardon, Sir, *[Looking round for Charles Booker].* Not here! Matilda,

what has become of Mr. Charles Booker? Pray go in search of him.

[Exit MATILDA, R.H.]

Enter CHARLES BOOKER, muffled up in his great coat, followed by Mary carrying his portmanteau, L. H.

Mr. Bel. My dear Sir, I beg ten thousand pardons. Did you miss the way?

Chas. Why, Sir, your dog and I being strangers, he set up such a tremendous howling, that I suppose the maid was afraid if I ventured to pass him some serious encounter might be the consequence; she therefore conducted me round the back way, as you perceive.

Enter MATILDA.

Mat. Oh, Sir, you are here. I have been looking for you by Papa's directions, ever since our arrival.

Chas. I am sorry to have occasioned so much trouble.

[Bows.]

Mr. Bel. (to Mrs. Belmour.) Allow me the pleasure, Madam, of introducing Mr. Charles Booker, a gentleman to whose kindness we are much indebted. Pray, Sir, be seated. I propose, after so long a journey, that we take a little refreshment. What say you, Sir?

[Exit Mrs. BELMOUR.]

Chas. I'm obliged to you, Sir; I have too keen an appetite to decline your offer.

Enter MARY with a cold collation, and MRS. BELMOUR with decanters, glasses, &c.

Mr. Bel. Now, my dear Sir, do make yourself at home, you are welcome to *whatever* the house affords.

Chas. Sir, you are extremely kind.

[*Mrs. Belmour and Matilda advance to the front of the stage, leaving Mr. Belmour and Mr. Charles Booker to enjoy their cold collation.*]

Mrs. Bel. Matilda, who is that stranger? he appears a very pleasant young gentleman.

Mat. Oh, he is, indeed, Mamma, We met him at Bristol, and had it not been for his extreme kindness I should certainly have taken cold; for, you must know, the inside of the coach was quite full, and we were compelled to ride outside, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. Heigho! But, however, at the first stage, this gentleman, Mr. Booker—

Mrs. Bel. (*interrupting.*) Booker is his name?

Mat. Yes, Mamma, Mr. Charles Booker. Heigho!

Mrs. Bel. His name seems familiar to you, Matilda.

Mat. Why, Mamma, he is indeed an agreeable young man. This occurrence, to me, is like reading an interesting novel, the name of the hero of which one is sure to have by heart. [*jocosely.*] But, as I was about to say, this gentleman by chance alighted, and seeing me outside, but ill accoutred for so long a journey, and already suffering severely from the cold, he requested Papa to allow him to change places with me.

Mrs. Bel. And that's how your Papa and you became acquainted with him?

Mat. Yes, Mamma.

Mr. Bel. It is almost invariably the case, that into whatever company one happens to fall the ladies engross the whole conversation. Now there's Mrs. Belmour and my daughter yonder, have been *tête-à-tête*, for the last half-hour, as though they were the only individuals in the room, indeed as if the affairs of the whole nation depended upon their confabulations. What say you, Mr. Charles?

Chas. Why, Sir, I own it is a general remark, but you know they are naturally more loquacious than ourselves, and it is therefore but right that we should allow their tongues a little more latitude. Besides, they are the life and soul of society. What dull, miserable beings we should be without them! Their light and agreeable chit-chat—their sparkling wit and occasional satire—

with their running commentary on men and things, have saved many a company from *ennui*, and given a zest to the social circle which the gravity and sobriety of the other sex could never impart.

Mr. Bel. Ladies, if you would afford us the opportunity, we should feel great pleasure in drinking to your very good health. [*They drink.*]

[*The ladies retire to the table and return the compliment. Charles rises and offers Matilda a chair, which she accepts.*]

Mr. Bel. I suppose, Mrs. Belmour, you have heard the whole history of our journey. I know not how to repay Mr. Booker for his polite attention to Matilda and myself on the road. How seldom it happens that fellow-travellers, being total strangers to each other, are disposed to make any sacrifices for their mutual comfort and accommodation. But it's the way of the world. Every man for himself and no one for his neighbour.

Mrs. Bel. It was indeed very kind of the gentleman.

Mr. Bel. Did Matilda tell you that we were within a hair's breadth of being upset?

Mrs. Bel. (*interrupting him.*) What you please, Mr. Booker, is at your service.

Mr. Bel. Not exactly what we pleased, for the horses ran away with us, and the coachman said that—

Mrs. Bel. (*to Charles.*) Would you like a little rum, Sir, in preference?

Mr. Bel. It would be a *rum* idea indeed if he had.

Mrs. Bel. You had better give Mr. Charles your card. [*To Charles.*] Not that I wish to hurry you away, but for fear it should slip Mr. Belmour's memory.

Mr. Bel. Oh, certainly, certainly. We shall feel a pleasure in your company at all times, Mr. Charles; and I hope you will never visit our neighbourhood without making Belmour House your home.

Chas. Sir, words are but empty expressions of the feelings of the heart, but as business will often occasion me to journey this way, I shall certainly avail myself of

your proffered kindness, and will revisit your hospitable roof, under which I have already passed a few hours so very agreeably.

Mr. Bel. Sir, may I be so inquisitive as to ask your profession.

Chas. My calling, Sir, is not, according to the etiquette of society, a professional one; though it might not improperly be so designated. I am a plain (but I hope not an unlettered) dispenser of knowledge,—in a word, I am a Bookseller. But allow me to say, that but for the encouragement which our trade has given to science and art, there is no one profession that could have made the rapid strides it has during the past and present centuries. Like so many presiding geniuses we sit at the well-head of knowledge, and send forth its living streams to the very ends of the earth.

Mr. Bel. A bookseller; oh, a bookseller. Of course, then, you are well acquainted with the various authors of ancient and modern times?

Chas. Without vanity I may lay claim to a tolerable acquaintance with the literature of our own and other countries. Besides, having received a liberal education, I have enjoyed extensive opportunities of making myself master of a business for which, from boyhood, I had a partiality.

Mr. Bel. Pray, Sir, for what house do you travel?

Chas. For my father's.

Mr. Bel. Ah, I was a traveller myself for upwards of twenty years.

Chas. Were you indeed, Sir. Many must have passed you during that time.

Mr. Bel. Many have *passed* me, but none *surpassed* me.

Chas. True, Sir, true. You seem too shrewd a man to suffer any one to give you the go-by, or to allow yourself to be jostled or hustled by the sharpers who abound in our marts of commerce.

Mr. Bel. I don't know that, Sir. It requires a man,

now-a-days, to have as many eyes as Argus, in order to detect the countless frauds which so-called fair and *honest* traders, as well as swindlers and pickpockets, are attempting to practise upon their fellow-men. But, Sir, Mr. Chip, a cabinet-maker, carpenter, builder, undertaker, and the devil knows what besides, in our village, is about to make me a large winged bookcase, and as Mr. Booker is a bookseller [*turning to the ladies*], I shall certainly employ our friend, Mr. Charles, to furnish it, according to his own taste and judgment.

Chas. Sir, I shall be most happy to do so, and on the most reasonable terms.

Enter a Man-Servant.

Ser. Dinner is on the table, Sir. [*Exit.*

Mr. Bel. I am very happy to hear it. [*They rise.*] I have been waiting for this announcement some time. Now, Mr. Charles, you will join us at the dinner-table.

Chas. You must really excuse me, Sir, as I am anxious to proceed on my way to town.

Mr. Bel. Poh! poh! you have a long ride before you, and you must not set off on an empty stomach. I thought you were too old a stager not to take care of the belly-timber, eh?

Mrs. Bel. Everything is quite ready, and we shall be most happy of your company, if you can conveniently postpone your departure a few hours.

Mat. Indeed, Sir, you had better stay.

Chas. I am really very sorry to be compelled to leave so abruptly, but business of the most urgent kind calls me away.

Mr. Bel. Well, my young friend, if you must go, you must. Every man knows his own business best. Good-bye, Sir [*shaking hands*], good-bye, till we see you again.

Mrs. Bel. I hope, Mr. Charles, that our acquaintance will not terminate with this accidental visit. Mr. Belmour has already given you the *entré* to Belmour House ;

and you really must never pass by the door calling. We shall be happy to see you at Good-bye, Sir.

[*They shake hands.*
An affectionate parting between Charles as unobserved by Mr. or Mrs. Belmour.

SCENE II.—*A village scene and roadside*

Enter MAHONY.

Mahony. I think, sure, it's mighty strange I what I'm looking after, now. Mary, ye gintle snug hole have ye crept into, sure; [*hesitates*] let me see.

Enter FLOWER, in a smock frock, buffeting his head, walking across the stage.

Flower. It beas a 'common cold night, this.

Mahony (looking round). I say, Misther, Sir, [*pointing with his finger,*] jist have the goodness to way, sure.

Flower (coming towards him.) Well, friend, me lost the road?

Mahony. Did you ever happen to know any was in love, sure?

Flower. No [*shaking his head*]. I carnt say as how. Then look at me, and ye'll see a gintle that's over head and ears in love, sure. [*Struts to Flower.*]

Flower. Mayhap it's very pleasant, but my mother would let I fall in love, like.

Mahony. Sure now, Sir, an ould frind o' mine says he, sure, Dinna, my boy. [*slapping Flower on the back till he starts again, and looks at Mahony.*]

mouthed,] Dinnis, my boy, says he, niver do anything rashly. O'Callagan, says I, don't ye believe it; but I'm in love, sure, love! Give me yer fist, says he, [*taking Flower by the hand, who appears frightened,*] love! did ye say, Dinnis? Oh, ye bog-throtter, and which way did ye fall in love? but whatever ye do, Dinnis, think, [*touching Flower in the ribs,*] me boy, think; and don't ye see I was jist thinking to meself, sure, when I suppose ye heard me, now, and came to my assistance, sure.

Flow. Lor love ye, I were on my way home: yer beant going my road, 'spose.

Mahony. Sure, now, and I don't be afther knowing which way to go.

Flow. My mother all'us said as how love war a dangerous thing, and apt to turn folk's brains. Mayhap *you* don't be quite right in the head, like. Mayhap a drop o' summet short might do ye good, eh, friend; what doast say?

Mahony. Say! say yer a gintleman, sure.

[*Exeunt into a roadside inn.*]

Enter CHARLES with a portmantua.

Chas. Hollo, hollo, here! house! what all gone to bed.

[*Knocking the inn door.*]

Enter LANDLORD in a bustle.

Land. I beg your pardon, Sir. [*Rings the yard bell.*] Tom! Bill! Harry! What! does nobody answer?

Enter three Countrymen in smocks.

Zounds, why are you not in attendance to carry the gentleman's portmantua. [*Exit Countrymen.*] Walk in, Sir, I pray.

[*Exeunt into the house.*]

Enter MAHONY and FLOWER, drunk, from the side, followed by a Countryman—FLOWER with a lantern.

Coun. I tell yer whoat, Muster Will, it beas like yer himperence to take my lantern out o' the stable in that way thoa; and mind if ye lose it, thoult just buy another, that's all. [Exit.]

Mahony. Och, sure, an' niver mind him; stick to the lantern, *[looking back,]* would you have a gentleman tumble into a bog, sure? [Falls.]

Flou. Hold up, my harty. [Falls.]

Mahony. Ye should jist have mentioned it before, sure. *[Both rising.]* Where the divil are you going for to lead me, now. [Exeunt, reeling, &c.]

SCENE III.—*A room in Belmour House.*

Enter MATILDA.

Mat. Well, after all, there's no place like home. How some people can dissipate so much time at fashionable watering-places, to the neglect of their homes, and often to the injury of their health, which they profess all the while to be recruiting, is to me surprising. Now there's Mrs. Bustle, our next door neighbour, has been at Ramsgate every summer for the last eight years; and Mrs. Fidgety gives her husband no rest till he takes her to Dover, or Boulogne, or some part of the continent, fooling away the money which ought to be applied to the payment of their debts, or expended upon their children's education. Much of the ruin and misery of domestic life is traceable to extravagant and pleasure-loving wives. I hope, if ever I marry, to study my husband's pocket as well as my own health. But

whither am I running? If my Papa was to overhear me talking about marrying he would send me to a nunnery, or keep me caged up like our poor poll-parrot.

[*A knocking is heard at the door.*]

Enter a Man-Servant.

Ser. If you please Miss, Mr. Chip has called.

Mat. Ask Mr. Chip to walk in.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Enter MR. CHIP.

Mr. Chip (sarcastically). Allow me, Miss Matilda, to welcome you back to Belmour House, and to congratulate you on your improved appearance. Change of scene and sea-breezes have really made you as blooming and blushing as a summer rose.

Mat. I thank you, Sir, for your congratulations; which I trust are not meant as mere hollow compliments, although, by the coldness of your manner, I am almost ready to suspect that your tongue has given utterance to feelings to which your heart does not respond. Now, tell me, Mr. Chip, am I not right?

Mr. Chip. It must be fancy, Matilda; I have no cause whatever for coldness.

Mat. Nay, then, methinks you have taken something ill. I hope you will not conceal from me what it is.

Mr. Chip. Well, then, I will frankly acknowledge I was happy, very happy, to hear of your safe arrival, but—

Mat. (anxiously.) But what? Pray tell me. Do not keep me in suspense; but tell me, what is it that so discomfits you?

Mr. Chip. But my joy was somewhat damped when I heard of a rival,—a rival who has been welcomed to this roof, if he have not succeeded in sharing your affections,—but no! I will not do you that wrong. I am happy, Matilda, if *you* are only the same. Do but tell me that

your feelings towards me are unchanged, and all will be forgotten and forgiven.

Mat. If I assume a countenance of content, it is to prove to you that I hold no doubt of the truth.

Mr. Chip. Ah, Matilda, can your heart have deceived you? Have you not mistaken the generous confidings of your youthful friendship, for the genuine feelings of affection?

Mat. Can you, then, doubt my love?

Mr. Chip. If you loved me, you would not thus trifle with my feelings. Have I not just cause, my dear Matilda, to reproach you? Did I not see you and a strange gentleman together in the garden?

Mat. (in a tone of displeasure.) Sir, your surmises and suspicions surprise me. So we were watched by you on our arrival (for this was the only time we were together). You have been playing the part of a spy in order to entrap me. Methinks, when lovers turn eavesdroppers and spies, they can have but little confidence in each other's affections, and that the sooner their attachments are at an end the better. Admitting, Sir, that you did see me walking in the garden with my father's friend, does that simple act of social intercourse transform that friend into a lover—a rival, as you are pleased to term him?

Mr. Chip (passionately). Matilda, I have as much cause for suspicion as you have for surprise; I could not have imagined that you would act thus towards me.

Mat. You mistake, Sir; I have not wronged you, and therefore feel hurt that you should upbraid me. But, Sir, to teach you that a woman's feelings are not thus to be trifled with, nor her every movement and action, at her lover's caprice, to be turned into grounds for jealousy and suspicion, I throw back your insinuations with scorn; and from this moment I withdraw from you my hand and my heart, to neither of which you have proved yourself worthy to aspire. So, farewell.

[*Matilda leaves the room in haste. Mr. Chip tries in vain to induce her to return, and is left by himself in confusion.*]

Mr. Chip (in a tone of contrition). Nay, stay, stay, Matilda, leave me not so abruptly. Oh, that I should have wrongfully accused her! 'Sdeath, what a brute am I to use her thus! Yet, methinks she is coming. [*He appears more composed.*] Oh, no! she will not return. [*Passionately.*] Oh, what an obstinate, jealous-pated fool I am! Yet I deserve it all. What! after her long absence to quarrel with her in this manner, for her affection and tenderness! 'Twas most barbarous, unmanly! Oh, my Matilda! if I have wronged thee, throw the mantle of forgiveness over my folly, and attribute it not to the badness of my heart, but to the indiscretion of the moment. [*Conceals his face in his hands, overpowered with grief.*] But bear up, my heart; I must, I will have an interview. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*A room in Mr. Booker's house. Mr. Booker at breakfast, reading the newspaper.*

Enter CHARLES BOOKER.

Chas. Good morning, Sir [*shaking hands*], how do you do? I suppose you gave me up for lost?

Mr. Booker (angrily). Lost, indeed, I did think you were lost, or wondered whatever could have delayed your return.

Chas. 'Twas the weather, Sir, I assure you; nothing more; but as you know, Sir, it was sufficiently inclement to detain any man who was not riding express, or giving his creditors leg-bail—cold enough, indeed, to freeze a statue, or to turn a Laplander into marble.

Mr. Booker (mildly). So it was, my boy, so it was. But how have you found business since you wrote? Have you met with much success?

Chas. Oh, tolerable. [*Gives his father his order-book.*]

You will see while I have some breakfast. What's this you have here? Bacon? [*Takes his cup and begins.*

[*Mr. Booker opens the order-book and reads.*

Mr. Booker. Old gentleman's bookcase—one old gentleman—bookcase—What the deuce is this?

Chas. What's that? old gentleman's bookcase—yes, that's right—[*eating*—we may make a capital job of that—[*aside*—the daughter.

Mr. Booker. But who is this old gentleman, and how came he and you acquainted?

Chas. He's a good-hearted fellow, a true specimen of a fine old English gentleman. I was recommended to him by one of our customers. I assure you he's a very pleasant old gent, and he has a most enchanting daughter—[*Turns away.*] Confound it, now I've done it. [*Aside.*]

Mr. Booker. What's the matter? What's that you said?

Chas. I've cut my mouth.

Mr. Booker. A most enchanting what did you say?

Chas. I was going to say, a most enchanting mansion.

Mr. Booker. Oh, I misunderstood you. I hope the job may turn out as profitable as you anticipate.

Chas. I hope it may, with all my heart—[*aside*—the daughter.

Mr. Booker. [*Looks at his watch.*] Past ten; bless me, I was not aware it was so late. I have an appointment with my solicitor, and he will mulct me in six-and-eightpence for loss of time if I am not punctual; so I must be off, but I will return shortly. [*Exit.*

[*Charles rises and comes to the front of the stage.*

Chas. How nearly I had revealed the secret of the old gentleman's daughter, to whom I must shortly pay a second visit. By those endearing charms I love her! how I love her!

AIR.

Though each endearing Grace be there.

I love her, by the Powers above,

I love, as did Leander love;

Oh, for a hope that would impart
Some solace to my aching heart.

What transport, then, inspired my breast,
As gently to my heart I press'd
That form, no Hebe could eclipse;
What accents falter'd on my lips!

Though each endearing grace be there,
Yet, say, my heart, why this despair?
Thou lov'st her—still there one may be,
She loves and sighs for more than thee.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*The exterior of Mr. Belmour's house,
with garden, &c.*

Enter MR. BELMOUR.

Mr. Bel. How very tiresome it is that Mr. Chip does not call to complete the alterations he was to have made more than a week ago. Formerly, a tradesman's word was his bond; but, now-a-days, they seem to care about nothing but taking orders and getting their money. Punctuality and despatch in the execution of the contracts they make, are words not found in their vocabulary. Well, if this Mr. Chip does not come to-day, I will certainly send for some other carpenter, cabinet-maker, or whatever the devil the fellow calls himself, and punish his neglect by throwing his work on his hands, finished or unfinished. Zounds! what a predicament I am in. There is that bookcase, too, which he has promised me a dozen times, not sent home yet. I will have the fellow stuffed with saw-dust and burnt in effigy for his impertinence. Here am I, expecting Mr. Charles Booker every hour, with a whole posse of works, and no shelves to receive them, and the room looking as naked and unfurnished as a man without a top-coat in a snow-storm.

Well, well, I'll have done with the *Chip* and block too, and all such upstart good-for-nothing fellows.

Enter a Man-Servant.

Ser. If you please, Sir, Mr. Chip is here, and wishes to speak to you.

Mr. Bel. (angrily.) Send him to me.

[*Exit. SERVANT.*

Enter MR. CHIP.

Mr. Chip. Good morning, Sir.

[*bowing.*

Mr. Bel. Good morning, good morning.

[*Aside.*]

Talk of the devil and he's sure to appear. Well, Mr. Chip, here have I been, for the last half-hour, vowing vengeance against you and all your hammer-and-chisel craft, for your repeated disappointments and violated promises. Zounds, man, a pretty thing, indeed, that gentlemen are to be turned into tradesmen's footballs—to be used or not, at pleasure. But, Sir, I'd have you understand you shall not serve me so. I'll not have my work taken up and put down again, like a child's plaything, whenever it suits your humour or convenience. If you take an order from me, Sir, you shall execute it out of hand, or I'll have you sawn into deal boards for paupers' coffins! Well, Sir, what about these alterations, eh? And my bookcase, Sir, is that finished, or have you come to snivel out some more of your trumpery excuses and barefaced apologies?

Mr. Chip. I must own, Sir, that I am in fault; and that your censures, though severe, are not unmerited. I promise, however, that you shall not have occasion to reproach me again for my neglect. The alterations shall be set about at once, and the bookcase shall be completed within a week.

Mr. Bel. Well, let us go in and decide upon the alterations.

[*Excunt into the house.*

Enter C. BOOKER and MATILDA.

Chas. Since first we met, Matilda, which is now about three weeks, I have scarcely passed one hour's quiet rest. You have been the burden of my song—the vision of my dreams—and the centre towards which all my waking thoughts have radiated. That you love me I am assured; and now that I find myself once more in your presence, I will unbosom the passion of my soul—for if to doat upon you more than life be to deserve you, so far I flatter myself I may lay claim to this fair hand. [*Takes her hand and kisses it.*]

Mat. I cannot conceal from you, Sir, that ever since I saw you I have been struck with admiration for your kind and generous nature, and of which the little incident that brought us together was but the key. Nor have I seen aught since, either in your personal intercourse or your epistolary correspondence, to lessen you in my estimation. Believing, as I do, that the foundation of human happiness lies deeper than in the mere outward pomp and circumstance of life, I should prefer to retire from its bustle and show, and to pass my days in rural quiet and rational tranquillity, with one whose virtues I can both respect and imitate, and who will make my esteem the basis of his affection.

Chas. Let me, my charming creature, but flatter myself that I am destined in your eyes, and in Heaven's higher ordination, to consummate your earthly happiness, and I desire no greater bliss. Our sympathies and sentiments are one—we are one in tastes and dispositions—and why should we not become one by that sacred bond which nothing but death can annul?

Mat. Let us be content for the present to rest secure in each other's affections. I must not forget my filial obligations; for I would not take any step in life, particularly one so vitally affecting my happiness as that to which my feelings urge me, without my parents' approbation and blessing.

Clara. Think not, my dearest Matilda, that I wish to urge you to a precipitate, much less to a clandestine marriage. I am content to leave our union in abeyance, until you have your parents' consent; but should you leave me sigh in my absence, let it recall a thought of me.

DUET.

Air.—When thy beam.

Since thy glance hath caught mine eye,
 Fondly duth my bosom sigh;
 Bring, oh, bring me some relief,
 To assuage my hope and grief.
 How the passing hours endear
 Scenes that used my heart to cheer;
 Now thy smiles and roundelay,
 Tears and sighs shall chase away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter MR. CHIP from the house.

Mr. Chip. So, so, Miss Matilda, I see through it all; you have been to Brighton for something more than sea-breezes—you have been in quest of a beau—a rival to one whose affections have had no idol but you—who has worshipped the very ground upon which you have trodden and who, during your absence, has dreamed of you by night, and had the image of thy fair form before his mind's eye by day. O, faithless woman! Is this the just reward of my devotion—to find myself supplanted in your affections, and turned adrift upon the current of passion, without thy guiding hand? Little did I think that your heart was so wayward and inconstant as to be weaned from me by absence, and won by the smiles and flatteries of one whose principles were untried, and whose pretensions, for aught you know, may be altogether false and deceptive. But, no matter; I will have my revenge. Yes, revenge is sweet; and the revenge of unrequited love, sweetest of all! Yet, stay! I may be too rash in

my conclusions against one who, after all, may be ignorant of my prior attachment, and of the agonized feelings I am suffering on his account; or if he be not, his conduct in this affair may have been that of a man of honour and a gentleman. At any rate, I will encounter him, and know from his own lips whether I am to regard him as an honourable rival or a designing villain, who has plotted against my hopes and my happiness, merely to favour his own amorous designs.

Enter MR. BELMOUR. MR. CHIP in confusion.

Mr. Bel. (to Mr. Chip.) I have searched high and low for this young gentleman, Mr. Charles Booker, but I can find neither him nor the ladies. He was to have arrived half-an-hour ago.

Enter CHARLES BOOKER.

Mr. Bel. My dear boy [*shaking him by the hand*], I have been expecting you this half-hour. Where have you been? and what have you done with the ladies, eh?

Chas. I am but just arrived, as you may see by my dusty habiliments. We came at a rapid rate, and the whole way I was besieged by a stiff Nor-Easter, with a cloud of dust every now and then, just to bring up the rear.

Mr. Bel. Well, it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. I'm glad, however, that it has blown you in this direction; and now that you are in port just reef your sails, and make yourself at home. But I've good news for you. [*Introducing Charles to Mr. Chip.*] Mr. Chip has promised me the bookcase home in a few days. I know you feel interested about the matter; and I dare say you have not forgotten to purchase for me the works we decided upon with which to furnish it. A bookcase without books, my boy, would augur ill of the owner's

head. Of what value is a shell without its kernel, or the glittering casket without its peerless jewel?

Chas. Exactly so, Sir. [*Aside.*] Equally as interested.

Mr. Chip. You may depend upon my punctuality, Mr. Belmour. I wish you a very good morning, gentlemen. [*Aside.*] Oh! faithless Matilda! [*Exit.*]

Chas. (aside.) Now should he meet Matilda. That is the gentleman who is paying his addresses to your daughter, I presume?

Mr. Bel. Poh! poh! It's all nonsense—moonshine—mere childish frolic. No, no; Mr. Chip has never been received at Belmour House in any other character than that of a tradesman and a friend.

Chas. (aside.) All in my favour, still.

Mr. Bel. By-the-by, young gentleman, have you brought my books with you?

Chas. No, Sir [*smiling*]; but they will follow me shortly. It was my intention to have surprised you with them to-day. I have not the least doubt but they will reach here before the bookcase.

SCENE VI.—*A kitchen. Mary seen sweeping.*

Mary. I shall be very glad when Mr. Chip and his work-people have finished. They do nothing but hammer and saw from morning till night, and make the place in *such* a litter; and just now, too, when we have company. It's very provoking. For my part I think, indeed I am sure, that the gentleman is very high in Miss Matilda's estimation. I heard him promise her an Album; but she told me to be sure and not tell any one. L—now, how silly it is of her; for they say that women can never keep a secret. Yet, I don't think it's exactly right, for a young gentleman to make a young lady pro-

sents without her parents' knowing anything about it. Besides, I don't think it right for a girl to have two strings to her bow. Suppose I tell poor Mr. Chip; I know he has a sneaking regard for Miss, for not long ago he promised her a rosewood workbox, and it's a pity his nose should be put out by this dashing young fellow. Indeed, I overheard him tell her the other day, that he didn't half like their walking together arm-in-arm in the garden. But, la! what am I thinking of. Suppose the dear young men should quarrel, and we should have a duel! Oh, no! I'll not meddle in lovers' affairs. It's enough for me to mind my own business. Well, now, after all, Mr. Charles is certainly a very nice young man—how smart he is!—and what a pair of ogling eyes! Heigho! I shouldn't wonder, after all, if he doesn't run away with our Miss. Oh, dear me! I think love is as infectious as gaping. Well, I wish I could get some duck of a young man to make love to me, to give me nice albums, and rosewood workboxes, gold earrings, and coral necklaces, and suchlike pretty presents. It would be so interesting; and they say we ought to imitate the example of one's betters. But I suppose it is no use wishing. By-the-by, I wonder what has become of my old sweet-heart, Dennis Mahony. Heigho!

[Retires towards the back of the stage.]

Enter WILLIAM FLOWER, at the back of the stage, as a back kitchen door.

Flow. (in a country dialect.) Hem. *[Attracting Mary's attention.]* I have brought a letter from a gentleman who put up at the inn where I happened to be, and he said, as how I was to wait while the master read it; this one is for the master, and this one is for the *[whispering]* young lady. You are to be sure and not give it to any one else, nor make a mistake in delivering the two letters.

Mary. Oh, very well. [*Aside.*] It is as I said. Then you are to wait for an answer?

Flow. Just so, my dear.

Mary (looking repulsively). Your dear, indeed; what impudence, to be sure.

Flow. Bless yer little heart. [*Touching her under the chin.*]

Mary (aside). He's a very nice young man, I do declare. And you have brought this letter? From whom did you say? There, that's no business of mine. If I stop—but I—declare, talking, I shall forget my message, and then all the fat will be in the fire. [*MARY runs off.*]

Flow. (looking after her.) Well, I declare, I never saw such a pretty little flower as she in all my life. I should like to transplant her into my garden. But, here she comes again.

Re-enter MARY.

Mary. Master will be with you directly.

Flow. O, there's no particular hurry.

[*Mary runs partly off and returns.*]

Mary. Did you speak, Sir?

Flow. I was only going to say you are 'commonly pretty.

Mary. La, Sir! that's a little of your flattery. [*Looking towards the audience.*] You men are so apt to flatter us girls.

Flow. I never saw a more mischievous eye than that of yours in all my life; and those lips, too, who can resist?

Mary. Really, Sir, I don't understand you.

Flow. No; then you must know that I understand a little about gardening, and [*wiping his mouth with the tail of his coat*] I should very much like to plant a kiss on those cherry lips of yours. [*Kisses her.*]

Mary (bashfully). Sir! really, I—[*Aside,*] I wish he would plant another.

Flow. Do you know, my dear, I think that you and I should soon become familiar like together; then I could teach you the names of the flowers, and—

Mary (interrupting). From a wall-flower to a flowery potato, I suppose.

Flow. (aside.) What a flowery idea.

Mary. Now, Mr. ———; what did you say your name was?

Flow. My name is William Flower, my dear; and I hope yours will be Mrs. William Flower before long. Doesn't it sound 'commonly pretty?

Mary. La, Sir! I wonder what next—for shame—really. Heigho! Sweet Williams are, indeed, pretty little flowers. [*Mary falls into his arms, simpering.*]

Flow. And so are Marygolds, my dear.

[*While embracing each other Mr. Belmour is heard coughing. Mary begins sweeping, &c.*]

Enter MR. BELMOUR.

Mr. Bel. You are the bearer of this letter young man, are you? [*Reads.*]

Flow. Yees, Sir.

"Dear Sir,—I beg to recommend the bearer of this note to your notice as gardener. He is a good workman, and bears an excellent character.

"Yours truly,

"C. BOOKER."

Mr. Bel. You know Mr. Booker, I suppose.

Flow. Yees, Sir.

Mr. Bel. Well, you come recommended by a friend in whose judgment I have such perfect confidence, that I will give you a trial. Mary, you can show this man into the garden; he will see how things are going on.

Flow. Thanke, Sir.

Mr. Bel. What is your name, young man?

Mary. William Flower, Sir.

Mr. Bel. What! do you know him then, Mary? Some cast-off acquaintance of yours, I suppose. One of your cupboard lovers, eh.

Mary (in confusion). Yes,—no, Sir, only he said his name was William Flower.

Mr. Bel. Well; you can show him into the garden.

[*Exeunt MARY and FLOWER, L. H., MR. BELMOUR, R. H.*]

SCENE VII.—*Interior of the garden at Belmour House.*

Mary showing Flower the flower-buds and shrubbery.

Dennis Mahony seen approaching the garden gates.

Mahony. Now, I wondther, sure, if this can be the place where they've been directhing me to. Sure it has very much the appearance of a large house with a garden and a pair of gates. I'll jist take the liberthy of giving a gintle ring. [*Rings violently.*]

[*Flower and Mary appear confused. Mary goes to the garden gate.*]

Mahony. I jist took the liberthy of ringing, sure.

Mary. Who might you please to want, Sir?

Mahony (aside). I'm glad she takes me for a gintleman. Sure, and that's jist the question I was asking meself. Does this house belong to a gintleman that—

Mary (interrupting). Yes, Sir; it does belong to a gintleman.

Mahony. In the name of Belore.

Mary. Do you wish to see Mr. Belmour, Sir?

Mahony. That's jist the gintleman I would be speaking with, sure.

Mary. Will you give me your card, Sir?

Mahony. Sure, now, [*fumbling in his pocket,*] an' I don't happen to have a card, as I always make my mouth

my own spokesman; but my name's Mither Dinnis Mahony, an' yer a pretty little dear, sure.

[*Touching her playfully.*]

Mary (*astonished*). Dennis Mahony! Surely you can't be—

Mahony (*interrupting*). Who! not Mahony? The divil I can't; sure, and that's jist my name. And pray, my little dear, what do you know about Dinnis Mahony?

Mary. You are not the same Dennis that used to court Mary—

Mahony (*advancing, delighted*). Mary! Och, sure and yer not little Mary, that Dinnis used to keep company with, and helped over the stiles.

Mary. Oh, Dennis!

[*Falls into his arms.*]

Mahony (*aside*). Och, an' this is a very pretty situation for a gintleman tó be in! Why now, Mary, an' yer jist the very person I came to look afther; they tould me jist down in the village there was somebody like you according to my description, so sure, an' I came up to judge for meself; the divil a bit do I want to see this Mither Bellowmore, Belzemore, or whatever his name may be.

Flora (*aside, passionately*). Dang me if it beant particularly unpleasant to see that Irishman making so free with my little Marygold.

Mahony (*to Mary*). Is that the gintleman of the house, Mary?

Mary (*hesitatingly*). Oh, no! that's only my cousin the gardener.

Mahony (*aside*). These cousins are dangerous craters, hang me if they arn't.

Flora (*to Mahony*). You were in a happy situation just now. Mayhap this beant the first of your acquaintance?

Mahony. Sure an' we've been acquainted all along.

[*Mary appears confused.*]

Mary (*to Flower*). This is only my cousin Mahony.

Flora (*to Mahony*). Cousins, I find. I hope, Sir, yer

blooming. [*Shakes Mahony by the hand.*] It's all in the way of gardening, you know.

Mahony (bawling). Sure now, I like your friendship better than your grip.

[*Mary is called by Mr. Belmour—she hides Mahony in the shrubbery—Flower busies himself at one of the flower beds.* *Exit MARY.*

Mahony (from the shrubbery). I wondther if it's all right, sure; what a divil of a mess I've got meself into now. [*Flower called by Mr. Belmour.*

Mahony (putting out his head). Sure and I wish some one would have the civility to be afther calling Mahony.

[*Mr. Belmour appears at the window, and, while looking into the garden, sees Mahony.*

Mr. Bel. Bless my soul! there's surely some one in the garden. Where's my gun. [*Exit from the window.*

Mahony (putting out his head). Och, sure! an' I hope the ould gintleman don't take me for anything but Dinnis Mahony, and thrate me uncivilly.

MR. BELMOUR re-appears at the window with a gun.

Mr. Bel. Who's there? Speak, or I'll blow your brains out.

[*Mahony reluctantly putting forward his head, creeps out by degrees while speaking.*

Mahony. Sure, now, an' that's not the way you would be thrating a gintleman who's come on a visit. [*Comes forward.*] I presume, Sir, yer name's Belmour, and mine, sure, is Mahony; but very probably you don't recollect Dinnis at this distance; if ye will jist do me the favour to step down, I will convince you that we are ould frinds.

Mr. Bel. But how came you into my garden, Sir.

Mahony. Sure an' I came in by the gate yonder [*pointing*], to pay yer honour a visit for ould acquaintance' sake.

Mr. Bel. I'll be with you in one moment.

[*Retires from the window.*

Mahony. Now, sure, an' what am I to say to the ould gintleman; he knows no more about Mahony than Mahony knows about him. [*With stage effect.*] But if he be a true man, sure, he will melt into tears at my sufferings [*comical*] in the hedge, sure; or if he be a savage, my heirs will be saved the charge of my funeral; but stop a bit, Dinnis Mahony, niver do anything rashly at all, at all. [*Hesitating.*] I think to make my escape will be bether than stopping here jist to have the satisfaction of getting one's brains blown out. But thin, to rin away and leave my little Mary with that gardener is not the thing at all, at all. [*Agitated.*] Sure an' it won't do to stand here thinking, when I hear the ould gintleman coming. Now if I could but get into the house I might be perfectly safe in one of the chimbleys. [*Looking round.*] Och, sure now, an' here's a ladther; that's jist the thing I wad be thinking. Now, Dinnis Mahony, rin for yer life, ye divil!

[Mahony escapes by a ladder left against a fruit-tree under a window in the garden.]

Enter MR. BELMOUR with a gun, followed by FLOWER, MARY, &c.

Flow. (aside.) I hope they won't fight a duel.

Mr. Bel. I'll just get my gun ready in case of resistance.

[Looks at the gun—puts himself in a shooting attitude—Mary screams—Belmour and Flower start back with fright and surprise.]

Mr. Bel. (to the girls.) Bless my soul! what's the matter? You are like the crows: you run away at the smell of gunpowder.

Mary. Oh, Sir, we thought you were going to shoot the gentleman.

Mr. Bel. Shoot! why I don't see anybody to shoot. Where is this pretended old Irish acquaintance of mine? Why, I declare the bog-trotting scoundrel has made his

escape. [*Passionately.*] William, odds! zounds! we must go in search of him; he may get into the house, and we shall all be murdered to-night.

Flora. (*aside while going along.*) There beant no duelling after all. [*Exeunt in a bustle.*]

SCENE VIII.—*A room in Belmour House—a table spread with bottles and refreshments.*

Enter MAHONY breathless.

Mahony. Och, by my sowl! an' I've got into a snug apartment now; but if I don't look sharp and get out of it, I shall be murdered sure. What will my dear Mary say, to find Mahony here as dead as a door nail. Bad luck to me, an' I wont be afther waiting now, for they may make another attack upon me, sure. While I think on't, I'd bether be off. [*Looks round and sees the table, &c.*] Sure now, and what have we here? [*Goes to the table.*] Bad luck to me, an' I think I'd bether not be afther going now, but revive my spirits with a wee dhrop of the dear cratur, sure. [*Sits down and takes up an empty bottle.*] Och, poor dear sowl, an' both our spirits have departed now. I'll jist be afther trying another, sure. [*Takes another bottle.*] Och, rest yer sowl in pace, an' yer emphy, too. Well sure, now, an' three noggins is bether than two kicks. [*Takes a third, exultingly.*] Whoch, my darlint! sure an' I'm not a day behind the fair, now; as the master's been having a few frinds, and forgot to invite me, I'll jist take the ophthertunity of inviting meself. I'll dhrink to his Honor's very good health [*drinks*]; sure now, an' I musn't forget little Mary [*drinks*]; an' now I'll jist be dhrinking success to meself [*drinks*]. By the Powers! an' I'll be afther starting, and take a long step to make a short journey of it. [*Rises.*]

Bad luck to me, and where the divil am I, sure. [*Reels from one side of the stage to the other.*] I wondther which is the right way I'd bether be afther taking. [*Goes off the same side as he came on, and returns.*] By the Powers! and isn't that the unfortunate way that got me into this unlucky scrape. If the masther should be afther jist coming and seeing all his whisky gone; sure, and he'd be quite spiritless. I'd bether be off, too, the shortest way to get the quickest out of it. [*Goes to the window and looks out of it.*] If I stay any longer I might make a baste of meself, which doesn't become any man, sure. [*Reels.*] Och, sure now, and where is the ladther? By the Powers, it's like the master's whisky, it's in the story above. [*Points up to the window and to his head.*] To jump out of the windy would be a great *undthertaking*, bekase they might *overtake* me when I got to the botham, sure.

Enter MR. BELMOUR and WILLIAM FLOWER.

Mr. Bel. Rascal, villain, thieves,—you infernal rascal, how came you here?

Mahony. By my honour, and I can't tell you how I came here. I got in the best way I could, sure.

Mr. Bel. You've endeavoured to escape, have you?

Mahony. Sure, now, and I dare say we shan't disagree. Don't you think if I was to jump out of the windy, it would take me to the botham?

Mr. Bel. And a good job too. The sooner you take yourself off the better.

Mahony. You are perfectly right. And didn't I tell you we should agree? I've been trying this half-hour, but don't know the best way to set about it; sure now, and your Honor may have the goodness to conduct me.

Mr. Bel. To Newgate, for housebreaking. Thieves! thieves!

Mahony. Murther! och, murther, sure. [*Looks round in dismay.*] The divil a boy do I see but our two silves.

You don't mane to be taking me for a thief, afther sich a civil conversation, sure.

Mr. Bel. William, seize that fellow; I'll have him taken up fur housebreaking.

[*Flower rushes on—Mahony shows fight.*]

Mahony. Sure now, the very first that dare fall upon me, I'll knock him down.

Mr. Bel. The fellow has the impudence of the very devil.

Mahony (to the audience). Didn't I tell you I was a broth of a boy, now. I niver imptied a couple of bottles of whisky, but it made me fight as though I had some spirit in me, sure; [*to Mr. Belmour,*] but how the devil am I to get out, plase yer Honor?

Mr. Bel. What's your name; and where do you live, when you are at home?

Mahony. My name is Mahony, and I can make meself at home anywhere; the devil a bit o' difference does it make to Mahony at all, at all.

Mr. Bel. So you got in here by stratagem, and was going to make your escape by that window? but, Sir, you are now my prisoner. Hold him, William, while I go and fetch a constable.

[*Flower attempts to collar him.*]

Mahony. (in a pugilistic attitude). Whooh, my darlints, an' I can save ye the throuble. I'll jist be afther going and fetching a constable meself. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter MAHONY.

Mahony (passionately). I'll be afther meeting you at some future time, sure; and jist let ye know what it is to thrate a gintleman uncivilly.

[*Exeunt, MAHONY in a fighting attitude with WILLIAM, followed by MR. BELMOUR.*]

SCENE IX.—*A garden at Belmour House—Matilda at work, singing.*

Each fragrant flower
Around my bower,
To some appeareth gay ;
The dearest flower
Hath left my bower,
'Tis he that's far away.

O, would that hour
Surround my bower,
That he might sing to me ;
There is no flower
In all my bower
Can charm my heart like he.

The birds of spring,
May sweetly sing,
Around my bower and me ;
But birds and flowers
Prolong the hours,
I wait, my love, for thee.

MATILDA *rises and comes forward.*

Mat. Heigho ! I wonder when Mr. Charles will be here ; he says to-day in his letter. I will read it again.
[*Reads.*]

" My charming fair One,—Here I am at last. I have just reached my roadside quarters at the Dog and Magpie. All I can say is, that I hope my next stage will be a more pleasant one, and that I shall meet with better society at the end of it. I send you this billet-doux by one of the elite of the tap, as my avant courier. He is an honest clown—a good gardener, they say—although he has never cultivated his mother-tongue, or bestowed much attention upon his exterior. But Cupid's postmen are all the better for being stupid. They are less likely to betray secrets, or to have the first reading of one's love letters. Expect me

*in the course of the day at Belmour House. Till then,
my dearest, believe me to remain,*

*"Your devoted lover,
"CHAS. BOOKER."*

How very slowly this day appears to me to pass. Heigho!

[Matilda returns to the work-table—sits down to work.]

Mat. I hear a voice within; surely it cannot be Charles.
I will call Mary and ascertain. *[Calls.]*

Enter MARY.

Mary. Did you call me, Miss?

Mat. I heard someone talking in-doors; is it Mr.
Charles Booker, Mary?

Mary. No, Miss; it is Mr. Chip. He has brought
your Papa's bookcase.

Mat. O, very well, Mary. Now if you have nothing
particular to do, you can stay and assist me a little. I
am very glad that Mr. Chip has finished the bookcase.
I think he must be a very dilatory man, or he never could
have been so long about it.

Mary. I think so too, Miss; but it looks very nice,
very nice indeed, I assure you.

Mat. It is very fortunate that he has brought it home
before Mr. Booker's volumes have arrived, or Papa would
have been very angry indeed. But I scarcely think it
will even now be properly fixed before Mr. Charles
Booker arrives.

Mary. Do you expect Mr. Booker here to-day, Miss?

*Enter CHARLES BOOKER, with an Album, from a gate
at the back of the garden.*

[Exit MARY.]

Chas. Ah, my dearest Matilda *[embracing her]*; you
are always employed; you are a very industrious little
creature. Have you been quite well, Matilda, since I left
you?

Mat. Quite well, I thank you, Charles.

Chas. Matilda, do you know anything of the person putting up the bookcase?

Mat. Why, [*smiling confusedly,*] what a very curious question to ask. [*Aside.*] Now I wonder what reason he could have for putting such a question to me. He is Mr. Chip, Papa's carpenter, a decent and thrifty tradesman in our village. We have employed him off and on, about the house, for several years past, and always found him very civil, though somewhat blunt in his manner. I have often thought he would be greatly improved if he were to plane down some of his roughnesses, and use a little French polish. [*Smiling.*]

Chas. I think so 'too, my dear; at any rate he is rather too rough-and-ready for me, for he has just threatened to blow out my brains with your father's gun, that stands behind the door; but your father entering at the moment, he was prevented from committing any personal violence; and I have now left him hammering away as though nothing had happened.

Mat. (*surprised*). Good gracious me! He must be mad. What motive can he have for contemplating so rash an act?

Chas. That is what I should like to know. However, I have promised him an interview this evening, when he may probably explain. As far as my recollection serves me, I have not seen the fellow but once before (the evening of our arrival), and then I scarcely spoke two words to him. But let us not talk any more about the worthless ingrate. Now tell me, did you, really, Matilda, expect me to be with you to-day?

Mat. (*smiling.*) Why you know, Charles, you promised in your letter to come, and I have had no cause, hitherto, to doubt your word; although you gentlemen too often deceive us.

Chas. But, ever true to my word and you, I am here. And with me I have brought you the Album I have so long promised you. [*Gives her an Album.*]

Mat. Oh, how beautiful! how delightfully handsome! And is it your own doing, did you say?

Chas. Yes, my dearest Matilda; I designed and executed every part of it, during such hours as I stole from rest. It was what I may term my hobby, when I was an apprentice.

Mat. And a very pretty hobby too! [*Smiling.*] What industry and patience you must have had to inlay the sides with so many different coloured pieces of leather, and to arrange them all in such regular order. I declare it looks like trallis work, reflected by all the colours of the rainbow. [*Aside.*] What a patient husband he would make.

Enter MRS. BELMOUR.

Mrs. Bel. Matilda, my dear.

Mat. Oh, Mamma, do come and look what a handsome present Mr. Charles Booker has just made me.

Mrs. Bel. Really, it is very handsome; very handsome indeed. It's a present fit for a queen. I am sure you ought to be very much obliged to Mr. Booker my dear, for his kindness.

Mat. I am, Mamma, very much obliged to Mr. Booker, indeed. [*In a girlish manner, looking at Charles.*]

Chas. Pray, Miss Matilda, do not thank me. I am amply rewarded for the time and labour which I spent upon it, by your acceptance of it; since I know of none who would set so high a value upon my handiwork as yourself.

Enter MR. BELMOUR.

Mr. Bel. What is that glittering volume on the table? Have you been running away with one of my volumes, eh? Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," or, perhaps a volume of the "Encyclopedia Britannica?"

Mat. No, Papa, it is not, indeed; but something

which I prize more than either. Oh, Papa, do look [*showing Mr. B. the Album.*] what a handsome present Mr. Booker has brought me; and all his own workmanship, too. Now, Papa, you will write me something in it. Won't you?

Mr. Bel. It is the most elaborately worked Album I ever saw. Too pretty a plaything for you, child. We shall have you writing sonnets to the moon, or drawing landscapes or hearts-eases, or cocatoos in it from morning till night. Mr. Booker had better have brought you a "Domestic Cookery," or the "Young Woman's Best Companion." [*To Charles.*] Really, Mr. Charles, it does you much credit. [*To Matilda.*] And, joking apart, I hope, my dear, that you will take great care of it. [*Exit CHARLES, unobserved.*] But come, let us go into the parlour, and tell me what you think of *my* books! [*Looking round.*] Bless me, where has Mr. Charles Booker gone to? He has disappeared like a will-o'-the-wisp; but I dare say he intends to forestall us, and to have the *first* peep at the bookcase, and its elegantly-bound contents. Well, it's very natural; and no one has a greater right than he. Come along Matilda, my dear. [*Taking Mrs. Belmour by the arm.*]

[*Exit MR. and MRS. BELMOUR—Matilda lingering behind.*]

Mat. Bless me! I am afraid he is gone to fulfil the engagement he spoke of with Mr. Chip. I hope to goodness they will not quarrel; yet what can it be about? Only think that Mr. Chip should have had the audacity to threaten to blow Charles's brains out. I will go and see if he is in the parlour. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter MATILDA.

Mat. Oh, what shall I do? Charles is nowhere to be found. My worst suspicions are confirmed by his absence. I will go and tell my Papa. [*Exit.*]

SCENE X.—*A wood.**Enter CHARLES.*

Chas. I wonder what this fellow can want with me. I suppose he thought he was going to frighten me by naming this secluded spot; and yet, withal, he is not very punctual. I do not see him anywhere. What will Matilda and the old folk think of my rudeness in leaving them? But my honour is at stake.

Enter MR. CHIP, unobserved by Charles.

I believe this is the spot he named. Where can the fellow be. [*Turns round meeting Chip face to face.*]

Mr. Chip. Did you say fellow, Sir?

Chas. I did say fellow; for I hold that he is the basest of fellows who would threaten the life of a friend of his best patron; and that, too, whilst an inmate of Belmour House.

Mr. Chip. You say the friend of my patron; but you should have added, his daughter's lover and my rival; for it is in this two-fold character that I regard you, and for assuming which I have challenged you to meet me here.

Chas. In whatever light you may view my character, I am ready to vindicate it. I have the honour to call Mr. Belmour my friend, and if it will please you better I will add, his daughter's protector; for no one has so great a right as I to resent any insult offered to her; and whoever questions that right shall be answered in the only way in which one gentleman can give another satisfaction. [*Producing a pistol.*] As a commercial gentleman, Sir, I always carry arms, and occasionally I find them useful. Here is a pistol at your service, Sir. [*Offers Mr. Chip a pistol.*]

Mr. Chip. Sir, I have one at your service.

[*Offers Charles a pistol.*]

Chas. I thank you, Sir, but I prefer my own; I never knew them hang fire; and if you do not instantly explain yourself, and apologise for the affront you offered me, I shall show you that I am no coward. [*Charles turns away to measure the distance—Mr. Chip takes Charles by the arm.*] Lay not a hand upon me, thou base, ungrateful fellow.

Mr. Chip. Do not repulse me, Sir, too hastily. When I took you by the arm it was not in rude familiarity, or because I had turned coward, but because I thought we might end this unpleasant affair without shedding each other's blood, or indulging in any further angry feeling. I candidly own that I was in the wrong, and that my unfounded surmises have betrayed me into this very foolish quarrel, of which I am heartily ashamed. I now look upon you, Sir, as an honourable man and a gentleman; being thoroughly convinced that you had no intention of rivalling me in the affections of the amiable young lady who has been the innocent cause of our hostile meeting. I therefore, Sir, although reluctantly, resign all pretensions to Miss Belmour's hand, and sincerely hope that, should she become your wife, you may live long and happily together.

Chas. (taking Mr. Chip by the hand.) You are right, Sir, in believing that my rivalry, if I may so call it, was accidental. I would not knowingly supplant any man in a woman's affections; and when I paid my addresses to Miss Belmour I was not aware that it was to your prejudice, or the injury of the feelings of any one. My first acquaintance with her began on a stage coach, many miles from Belmour House; and when I afterwards made honourable proposals to her, she declared that her hand and heart had no prior claimants. I accept your apology, and freely forgive the affront you offered me.

Mr. Chip. We met as foes—let us part friends. [*Taking Charles by the hand.*] Farewell.

Chas. Farewell, Sir.

[*Exit CHARLES, L. H., MR. CHIP, R. H.*]

Enter MAHONY, with a brace of pistols, from the back of the stage.

Mahony. If I can't get a living in an honest way, I'll blow the first gentleman's brains out I meet with, sure, [*Enter FLOWER behind.*] pick his pockets, and then jist leave him under the hedge for the rooks to pick at, sure.

Flow. (*Mahony, looking at the pistol.*) Well, this is particularly unpleasant. How am I to escape this wild Irishman; he'll know me again; and measter told me to make 'common haste, and be back as soon as I could.

Mahony (*turning round*). How the divil came ye there. [*Flower frightened.*] Have ye been rinning afther me ever since ye drove me out of the house. I tould ye, my frind, we should meet agin; and how should ye like me to put yer head into one of these pistols, and lodge it in memory of ye against that tree.

Flow. I should think, mayhap, yer only joking; you wouldn't take advantage of me when I'm alone, and without arms, and you with them ere two horse-pistols, big enough to shoot an elephant and long enough to bring your game down a mile off.

Mahony (*aside*). Sure now, an' when I consider, it isn't exactly the thing to take a man's life away. I'll be a gentleman again for once in my life, an' give the poor divil an ophtertunity of proving himself no coward, sure. Now, Misther, jist take which ye like, sure.

[*Offering the two pistols.*

Flow. (*taking a pistol.*) What am I to do with this?

Mahony. Fight a duel, sure.

Flow. Fight a duel! [*Aside.*] What can he mean?

Mahony. Sure now, an' put yer back against my back, and let's shoot one another.

Flow. Oh, very well; I don't mind that, if ye measure the distance to twelve paces; Mr. Charles used to say that was a comfortable distance to shoot at a man.

Mahony (*aside*). Sure now, an' he's got more courage than I thought for. I think I'd bether be afther asking

him to postpone this duel till the next shooting season, sure, by which time I may obtain a licence.

Flow. (*looking at the pistol.*) Are you ready?

Mahony (*aside*). What a divil of a hurry he's in to blow a gentleman's brains out, sure. Now!

[*They stand back to back.*]

Flow. Let us shake hands before ye go.

[*They shake hands and again turn back to back.*]

Mahony (*aside*). Before I go; that's making pretty sartain of it, sure.

Flow. Now!

[*They begin to step.*]

Mahony (*aside*). I feel my courage rinning away from me as fast as it can. Sure, now, an' I think the best way will be to rin afther it.

[*Exit running.*]

Flow. (*firing.*) He's as dead as a door nail. [*Looking round.*] Eh, where is he? Mayhap I've blown him into the ditch. I must go and see.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE XI.—*A parlour, with a superb Spanish mahogany winged bookcase.*

Enter MR. and MRS. BELMOUR and MATILDA.

Mat. I wonder what has become of Mr. Charles.

Enter CHARLES.

Mr. Bel. (*to Charles.*) My dear boy, what made you run away in that unceremonious manner? The ladies have been very anxious about you.

Chas. (*carelessly.*) Only a little affair of honour, Sir, that's all.

Mr. Bel. I hope, my dear boy, you've not been duelling?

Mrs. Bel. (*surprised.*) Mr. Belmour! duelling, Sir!

Why what could put that into your head? Mr. Charles, I hope, knows the sixth commandment better than to commit murder, Mr. Belmour.

Chas. I should hope so, Madam; and I am sure you entertain a better opinion of me, although I narrowly escaped having my brains blown out in this very room, this very day, by that insolent fellow the cabinet-maker, [*They all look round the room in terror and consternation, and then at Charles.*] Luckily Mr. Belmour entered the room at the moment, and Mr. Chip thought proper to replace the gun, and to resume his work like a singed monkey.

Mrs. Bel. (agitated.) Mr. Charles, you cannot mean that Mr. Chip was really going to lay violent hands upon you in my house. After the many favours he has received from Mr. Belmour, he ought to be the last person in the world to forget himself in such a manner.

Mr. Bel. Ah! well now, never mind, Mrs. Belmour; but, my dear boy, that's a good joke too; why did you not name it to me at the time, and I would have chopped the impertinent *Chip* into a bundle of Lucifer matches. Turn round, my boy, and let me see if your limbs are whole [*turns Charles round*], you courageous dog, you. I hope you shook hands afterwards.

Mat. Charles, I think you *have* been duelling.

Mr. Bel. (laughing.) Well, never mind, my dear boy, what do you think of the books, now that I've put them in order. [*Aside to Charles.*] I shall always think of a duel when I look at that bookcase.

Omnes. They do look very nice, indeed.

Chas. (smiling.) For my own part, I should like to vote a bookcase into every room in the house.

Mr. Bel. (jocosely.) Not where there's a gun, my dear boy, eh?

Chas. Not exactly, if I'm to be turned into a target for every impertinent scoundrel to shoot at. But, Sir, your bookcase is a charming piece of furniture; and I assure you it contains some of the best old English books that—

Mr. Bel. (interrupting, surprised.) Old English books?

Chas. Yes, Sir, the best—

Mr. Bel. (interrupting passionately.) The best! don't tell me, Sir. What is the use of your buying me old English books. [*Walks about the stage.*] However could he think of buying me old English books. He might as well have purchased the Emperor of China's library.

Chas. (to Matilda.) I really think there must be a mistake. Perhaps your Papa thinks I mean printed in old English.

Mat. It is very probable he may by his manner.

Chas. (to Mr. Belmour.) Excuse me, Sir, but I am very much afraid there must be quite a misunderstanding on your part: I do not mean books printed in that particular style of letter termed "old English," but books which were written one or two centuries back.

Mr. Bel. Ah! true, true; now I understand you; ah; that's it, yes; God bless me, so it is; how could I be so averse to old English books! I perfectly understand. Confound it! [*Aside.*] What a fool he must take me to be. But, sit down, Charles, sit down.

[*They sit down at a table, with glasses, decanters, &c.*]

Chas. I thought it must be a misunderstanding, Sir.

Mr. Bel. Truly so, truly so; come, what would you like to take?

Chas. Why, Sir, that is rather an odd question. Were I to say what I should really like to take [*looking at Matilda*] I might probably give offence.

Mr. Bel. Not in the least. You know I have repeatedly told you, you are welcome to *whatever* the house affords.

Chas. Then, Sir, will you allow me to take your fair daughter's hand?

Mr. Bel. Why that, indeed, comes home to one's bosom. It is a freedom rather beyond the bounds of hospitality, though the one is often a stepping-stone to the other, for the same key that opens the cupboard will often unlock the heart. [*They all rise and come forward.*]

Chas. From the first day your daughter and I met, a mutual attachment sprang up between us, which time and successive interviews have but tended to strengthen and confirm; indeed, I can truly say, Sir, that we have long found in each other the only object of our earthly hope and affection. It alone remains for us to obtain your sanction to consummate our happiness; we have already gained Mrs. Belmour's.

Mr. Bel. Well, well, this is what I have long been expecting, so that my mind is made up, and requires no consideration. Charles, my dear boy, you have always conducted yourself as a gentleman, and I believe you are not more passionately attached to my daughter than she is to you. There [*taking hold of their hands and uniting them*], I resign her to you—take her, “for better and for worse”—*Book-her* at your pleasure.

And now, kind Heaven, I pray forefend
That aught this union may end;
On both thy choicest blessings pour,
A rich and inexhausted store.
Unscathed by care and free from strife,
Long may they live in wedded life.
And may the pledges of their love
To both a source of comfort prove;
Their pride, their solace, and their crown,
Through whom, hereafter, may pass down,
Unsullied as from you they came,
Their spotless virtues and their name.

THE END.

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